

THE
Dutchess of Malfey:
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is now ACTED
AT THE
Dukes Theater.



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L O N D O N :

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The ACTORS Names.

Mr. Harris	<i>Ferdinand</i> , Duke of <i>Calabria</i> .	
Mr. Young	<i>Cardinal</i> , his Brother.	(hold.
Mr. Smith.	<i>Antonio</i> , Steward of the Dutchess House.	
Mr. Midburn	<i>Delio</i> , his Friend.	
Mr. Betterton	<i>Bosola</i> , Gentleman of the Horse.	
Mr. Richards	<i>Castruchio</i> , an Old Lord.	
Mr. Cademan	<i>Sylvio</i> , a Lord.	
Mr. Norris	<i>Pescara</i> , a Marquess.	
Mr. Price	<i>Maleteste</i> , a Count.	
Mr. Cogun	<i>Roderigo</i> ,	} Lords.
Mr. Percival	<i>Grisolan</i> ,	
Mrs. Betterton	Dutchess of <i>Malfey</i> .	
Mrs. Norris	<i>Cariola</i> , her Woman.	
Mrs. Osborn	Old Lady.	
Mrs. Shadwell	<i>Julia</i> , the Cardinals Mistris.	

Several Mad-men, Officers of the Court, Servants.

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T H E

Dutcheſs of Malfy.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Antonio, and Delio, Boſola, Cardinal.

Delio.



ou are welcome to your Countrey, dear
Antonio;

You have been long in *France*, and you return
A very formal *French*-man in your habit.
How do you like the *French* Court?

Ant. I admire it :

In ſeeking to reduce both State and People

To a fixt Order, their judicious King
Begins at home ; quits firſt his Royal Palace
Of flattering Sycophants, of diſſolute
And infamous perſons, which he ſweetly terms
His Maſters Maſter-piece (the work of Heaven)
Conſidering duly, that a Princes Court
Is like a common fountain, whence ſhould flow
Pure ſilver drops in general : But if 't chance
Some cur'd example poyſon't near the head,
Death and diſeaſes through the whole Land ſpread.
And what is't makes this bleſſed government,
But a moſt provident Council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times?
Though ſome oth' Court hold it preſumption
To inſtruct Princes what they ought to do ;
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to ſee. Here comes *Boſola*

The Dutchess of Malfy.

The only Court-Gall: yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of Piety:
Indeed he rails at those things which he wants:
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody or envious as any man,
If he had means to be so. Here's the Cardinal.

Bos. I do haunt you still. *Card.* So.

Bos. I have done you

Better service than to be slighted thus:
Miserable Age! where only the reward
Of doing well, is the doing of it.

Car. You enforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the Gallies in your service,
Where, for two years together, I wore two Towels instead of
A shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a
Roman Mantle: Slighted thus! I will thrive some way:
Black-birds fatten best in hard weather; why not I
In these Dog-days?

Car. Would you could become honest.

Bos. With all your Divinity do but direct me the way to it.
I have known many travel far for it, and yet return
As arrant knaves as they went forth, because they carried
Themselves always along with them. Are you gon?
Some fellows (they say) are possessed with the Devil:
But this great fellow were able to possess the greatest
Devil, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He and his Brother are like Plumb-trees (that grow crooked
Over standing-pools) they are rich, and over-laden with
Fruit, but none but Crows, Pyes, and Caterpillers feed
On them: Could I be one of their flattering Panders, I
Would hang on their ears like a Horseleech, till I were full, and
Then drop off: I pray leave me.

Who would rely upon these miserable dependances, in expectation
to be advanc'd to morrow? what creature ever fed worse, than hop-
ping *Tantalus*? nor ever died any man more fearfully, than he that
hop'd for a pardon? There are rewards for Hawks and Dogs when
they have done us service: but for a soldier that hazzards his limbs
in a battel, nothing but a kind of Geometry is his last supporta-
tion.

Del. Geometry?

Bos. I, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swinge in

the World, upon an honourable pair of Crutches from Hospital to Hospital : fare ye well Sir. And yet do not you scorn us, for Places in the Court are but like Beds in the Hospital, where this mans head lies at that mans foot, and so lower and lower.

Del. I knew this fellow (seven years) in the Gallies,
For a notorious murderer, and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborn'd it ; he was releas'd
By the *French General (Gaston de Fox)*
When he recover'd *Naples*.

Ant. 'Tis great pity he should be thus neglected : I have heard
He's very valiant : This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness, for (I'll tell you)
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black Malecontents, and their close rearing
(Like Moths in cloath) do hurt for want of wearing.

S C E N A II.

*Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Cardinal, Dutchess, Castruchio, Silvio,
Rodocico, Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola.*

Del. The Presence 'gins to fill; you promis'd me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of our great Courtiers.

Ant. The Lord Cardinals,
And other strangers that are now in Court,
I shall : Here comes the great *Calabrian Duke*.

Ferd. Who took the Ring offnest ?

Sil. *Antonio Bologna* (my Lord.)

Ferd. Our Sister Dutchess great Master of her Household :
Give him the Jewel. When shall we leave this sportive-action,
And fall to action indeed ?

Cast. Methinks (my Lord)
You should desire to go to war, in person.

Fer. Now, for some gravity : why (my Lord) ?

Cast. It is fitting a souldier arise to be a Prince, but not necessary
a Prince descend to be a Captain ?

Fer. No ?

C. No, (my Lord).

He were far better to do it by a Deputy.

Ferd. Why should he not as well sleep, or eat by a Deputy?
This might take idle, offensive, and base office from him,
Whereas the other deprives him of honour.

Cast. Believe my experience: that Realm is never long in quiet;
Where the Ruler is a Soldier. *Ferd.* Thou toldst me
Thy wife could not indure fighting.

Cast. True (my Lord.)

Ferd. And of a jest she broke of a Captain,
She met full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him (my Lord) he was a pitiful fellow to lie, like
the Children of *Ismael* all in Tents.

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undo
All the Chyrurgeons o'th City, for although
Gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons,
And were ready to go to it; yet her perswasions would
Make them put up. *Cast.* That she would (my Lord).
How do you like my Spanish Gennet?

Rod. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of *Plini's* opinion, I think he was begot by the wind,
He runs as if he were ballast'd with Quick-silver.

Sil. True (my Lord) he reels from the Tilt often.

Rod. Gris. Ha, ha, ha.

Ferd. Why do you laugh? Methinks you that are Courtiers
Should be my touch-wood, take fire when I give fire;
That is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True (my Lord) I myself have heard a very good jest,
And have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit, as to understand it.

Ferd. But I can laugh at your Fool (my Lord.)

Cast. He cannot speak (you know) but he makes faces,
My Lady cannot abide him. *Ferd.* No?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company: for she says
Too much laughing, and too much company, fills her
Too full of the wrinkle.

Ferd. I would then have a Mathematical Instrument made for
Her face, that she might not laugh out of compass: I shall shortly
Visit you at *Millaine* (Lord *Silvio*.)

Sil. Your Grace shall arrive most welcome.

Ferd. You are a good Horse-man (*Antonio*) you have excellent
Riders in France, what do you think of good Horse-man-ship?

Ant. Nobly (my Lord): as out of the Grecian-horse, issued

The Dutchess of Malfy.

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Many famous Princes: So, out of brave Horse-man-ship,
Arise the first Sparks of growing resolution, that raise
The mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have be-spoke it worthily.

Sil. Your brother, the Lord Cardinal, and sister Dutchess.

Card. Are the Gallies come about?

Grif. They are (my Lord.)

Ferd. Here's the Lord *Silvio*, is come to take his leave.

Del. Now (Sir) your promise: what's that Cardinal?

I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crowns at Tennis, Daunce,
Court Ladies, one that hath fought single Combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for form:
But observe his inward Character: he is a melancholly
Church-man: The Spring in his face, is nothing but the
Ingendring of Toads: where he is jealous of any man,
He layes worse plots for them, than ever was impos'd on
Hercules: for he strews in his way Flatterers, Panders,
Intelligencers, Atheists, and a thousand such political
Monsters: he should have been Pope: but in stead of
Comming to it, by the primitive decency of the Church,
He did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would
have carried it away without Heavens knowledge. Some good he
hath done.

Del. You have given too much of him: what's his brother?

Ant. The Duke there? a most perverse, and turbulent Nature;
What appears in him mirth, is meerly outside,
If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Del. Twins.

Ant. In quality:

He speaks with others tongues, and hears mens suits
With others ears: will seem to sleep o'th bench
Only to intrap offenders in their answers;
Dooms men to death, by information:
Rewards by hear-say.

Del. Then the Law to him:

Is like a foul black Cob-web to a Spider,

He makes it his dwelling and a prison

To entangle those shall feed him.

Ant. Most true:

He never pays debts unless they be shrew'd turns,

And those he will confess, that he doth owe,

Last: for his brother, there, (the Cardinal)

The Dutcheſs of Malfy.

They that do flatter him moſt, ſay Oracles
 Hang at his lips: and verily I believe them:
 For the Devil ſpeaks in them.
 But for their ſiſter, (the right noble Dutcheſs)
 You never fix'd your eye on three fair medals
 Caſt in one figure, of ſo different temper:
 For her diſcourſe, it is ſo full of rapture,
 You only will begin then to be ſorry
 When ſhe doth end her ſpeech: and wiſh (in wonder)
 She held it leſs vain glory, to talk much,
 Than your penance to hear her: whiſt ſhe ſpeaks,
 She throws upon a man ſo ſweet a look,
 That it were able to raiſe one to a Galliard
 That lay in a dead paſſey; and to dote
 On that ſweet countenance: but in that look
 There ſpeaketh ſo divine a continence,
 As cuts off all laſcivious and vain hope.
 Her days are practis'd in ſuch noble virtue,
 That ſure her nights (nay more her very Sleeps)
 Are more in heaven, than other Ladies Shrifts.
 Let all ſweet Ladies, break their flattering Glaſſes,
 And dreſs themſelves in her. *Del. Fye Antonio,*
 You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Ant. I'll caſe the picture up: only thus much,
 All her particular worth, grows to this ſum:
 She ſtains the time paſt: lights the time to come.
Cariola. You muſt attend my Lady in the Gallery
 Some half an hour hence. *Ant.* I ſhall.

Ferd. Siſter, I have a ſuit to you: *Dutch.* To me ſir?

Ferd. A Gentleman here, *Daniel de Boſola,*
 One that was in the Gallies. *Dutch.* Yes, I know him.

Ferd. A worthy fellow h'is: pray let me entreat for
 The Provifoſhip of your horſe.

Dutch. Your knowledg of him
 Commends him and prefers him. *Ferd.* Call him hither,
 We now upon parting: Good Lord *ſilvio*
 Dous commend to all our noble friends
 At the Leaguer. *Sil.* Sir I ſhall.

Ferd. You are for *Millain*? *Sil.* I am.

Dutch. Bring the Carroches: we'll bring you down to the Haven.

Car. Be ſure you entertain that *Boſola*

The Dutcheſs of Maſſy.

For your intelligence : I would not be ſeen in't.
And therefore many times have I ſlighted him,
When he did court our furtherance : as this Morning.

Ferd. Antonio, the great Maſter of her houſhold,
Had been far fitter.

Card. You are deceiv'd in him,
His Nature is too honeſt for ſuch buſineſs,
He comes: I'll leave you: *Bos.* I was lur'd to you.

Ferd. My brother here (the Cardinal) could never
abide you. *Bos.* Never ſince he was in my debt.

Ferd. May be ſome oblique character in your face,
Made him ſuſpect you?

Bos. Doth he ſtudy Phiſiognomy?
There's no more credit to be given to th' face,
Than to a ſick mans urine, which ſome call
The Phyſicians whore, becauſe ſhe cozens him:
He did ſuſpect me wrongfully. *Ferd.* For that
You muſt give great men leave to take their times:
Diſtruſt doth cauſe us ſeldom be deceiv'd;
You ſee, the oft ſhaking of the Cedar-Tree
Faſtens it more at root. *Bos.* Yet take heed:
For to ſuſpect a friend unworthily,
Inſtructs him the next way to ſuſpect you.
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold. *Bos.* So.
What follows? (Never rain'd ſuch flowers as theſe
Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them) whoſe throat muſt I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to ſhed blood, rides poſt.
Before my occaſion to uſe you, I give you that
To live i'th Court, here : and obſerve the Dutcheſſe,
To note all the particulars of her behaviour :
What ſuitors do ſolicite her for marriage,
And whom ſhe beſt affects: ſhe's a young widow,
I would not have her marry again. *Bos.* No Sir?

Ferd. Do not you aſk the reaſon: but be ſatisfied,
I ſay I would not.

Bos. It ſeems you would create me
One of your familiars. *Ferd.* Familiar? what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint inviſible devil in fleſh :
An Intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing

I would

The Dutcheſs of Maſſy.

I would with three ; and ere long, thou maiſt arrive
At a higher place by't. *Bos.* Take your Devils
Which Hell calls Angels: theſe curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent Traitor,
And ſhould I take theſe, they'd take me hell.

Fer. Sir, I'll take nothing from you, that I have given:
There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning : (the Proviſorſhip o'th' horſe)
Have you heard on't? *Bos.* No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours, is't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curſe your ſelf now, that your boun-
(Which makes men truly noble) ere ſhould make
Me a villain : oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I muſt do
All the ill man can invent : Thus the devil
Candies all ſins ore : and what Heaven terms vile,
That names he complemental. *Fer.* Be your ſelf:
Keep your old garb of melancholly: 'twill expreſs
You envy thoſe that ſtand above your reach,
Yet ſtrive not to come near'em : This will gain
Accels to private lodgings, where your ſelf
May (like a pollitique dormouſe),

Bos. As I have ſeen ſome,
Feed in a Lords diſh, half aſleep, not ſeeming
To liſten to any talk : and yet theſe Rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream : what's my place?
The Proviſorſhip o'th' horſe? ſay then my corruption
Grew out of horſe-dung: I am your creature. *Fer.* Away.

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches, oft are bribes of ſhame;
Sometimes the Devil doth preach. *Exit Boſola.*

Card. We are to part from you : and your own diſcretion
Muſt now be your director.

Ferd. You are a Widow :
You know already what man is ; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence,

Card. No, nor any thing without the addition, *Honor*,
Sway your high blood.

Ferd. Marry? they are moſt luxurious;
Will wed twice. *Card.* O ſie :

Ferd. Their livers are more ſpotted

The Dutchess of Malfy:

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Than *Labans* sheep.

Dutch. Diamonds are of most value

They say, that have past through most Jewellers hands.

Ferd. Whores, by that rule are precious:

Dutch. Will you hear me?

I'll never marry. *Ferd.* So most Widows say:

But commonly that motion lasts no longer

Than the turning of an hour-glass, the funeral Sermon,

And it, ends both together. *Ferd.* Now hear me:

You live in a rank pasture here, i'th Court,

There is a kind of honey-dew, that's deadly:

'Twill poyson your fame; look to't: be not cunning:

For they whose faces do belye their heart,

Are Witches e're they arrive at twenty years,

I: and give the devil suck.

Dutch. This is terrible good counsel.

Ferd. Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small thred,

Subtler than *Vulcans* Engine: yet (believ't)

Your darkest actions, nay your privat't thoughts,

Will come to light.

Card. You may flatter your self,

And take your own choice: privately be married

Under the Eves of night.

Ferd. Think't the best voyage

That ere you made; like the irregular Crab,

Which thought goes backward, thinks that it goes right,

Because it goes its own way: but observe,

Such weddings may more properly be said

To be executed, than celebrated.

Card. The marriage night

Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferd. And those joys,

Those lustfull pleasures, are like heavy sleeps

Which do fore-run mans mischief.

Card. Fare you well.

Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.

Dutch. I think this speech between you both was studied,

It came so roundly off. *Ferd.* You are my sister,

This was my fathers poniard: do you see.

I'd be loath to see it look rusty, 'cause it was his:

I would have you give or'e these charge ble Revels;

The Dutchess of Malfy.

A Vizard, and a Masque are whispering rooms
 That were never built for goodness: fare ye well:
 And woman, like that part, which (like the Lamprey)
 Hath nev'r a bone in't. *Dutch.* Fy Sir. *Ferd.* Nay,
 I mean the tongue: variety of Courtship;
 What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale,
 Make a woman believe? farewell lusty Widow.

Dutch. Shall this move me? if all my royal kindred
 Lay in my way, unto this marriage;
 I'd make them my low foot-steps: And even now,
 Even in this hate (as men in some great battels
 By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
 Almost impossible actions: I have heard Soldiers say so,
 So I, through frights, and threatnings, will affray
 This dangerous venture: Let old wives report
 I wink'd, and chose a husband: *Cariola*,
 To thy known secrecy, I have given up
 More than my life, my fame.

Cariola. Both shall be safe:
 For I'll conceal this secret from the world
 As warily as those that trade in poyson,
 Keep poyson from their children.

Dutch. Thy protestation
 Is ingenuous and hearty: I believe it.
 Is *Antonio* come? *Cariola.* He attends you.

Dutch. Good dear soul,
 Leave me: but place thy self behind the Arras,
 Where thou mayest over-hear us: wish me good speed,
 For I am going into a Wilderness
 Where I shall find no path, nor friendly clew
 To be my guide, I sent for you, Sit down:
 Take Pen and Ink, and write: are you ready?

Ant. Yes: *Dutch.* What did I say?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Dutch. Oh, I remember:
 After this triumph, and this large expence,
 It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
 What's laid up for to morrow;

Ant. So please your beauteous Excellence, (take.

Dutch. Beauteous? Indeed I thank you: I look young for your
 You have ta'en my cares upon you.

The Dutcheſs of Malſy.

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Ant. I'll fetch your Grace the
Particulars of your revenue and expence.

Dutch. Oh you are an upright Treasurer : but you miſtook,
For when I ſaid I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to morrow : I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant. Where ? *Dutch.* In Heaven.

I am making my will (as 'tis fit Princes ſhould
In perfect memory) and I pray Sir, tell me
Were not one better to make it ſmiling, thus,
Than in deep groans, and terrible ghafly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with, procur'd
That violent diſtraction?

Ant. Oh, much better.

Dutch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit :
But I intend to make you Over-ſeer ;
What good deed ſhall we firſt remember ? ſay.

Ant. Begin with that good deed that firſt began i'th world,
After mans creation, the Sacrament of marriage,
I'd have you provide for a good husband,
Give me all. *Dutch.* All ?

Ant. Yes, your excellent ſelf.

Dutch. In a winding ſheet ? *Ant.* In a couple.

Dutch. St. Winfrid, that were a ſtrange will.

Ant. 'Twere ſtrange if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Dutch. What do you think of marriage ?

Ant. I take't, as thoſe that deny purgatory.
It locally contains, or heaven, or hell,
There's no third place in't.

Dutch. How do you affect it ?

Ant. My baniſhment, feeding my melancholly,
Would often reaſon thus.

Dutch. Pray let's hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him ? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To ſee the little wanton ride a cock-horſe
Upon a painted ſtick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught Starling.

Dutch. Fy, fy, what's all this ?
One of your eyes is blood-ſhot, uſe my Ring to't,

The Dutchess of Malfy.

They say 'tis very soveraign, 'twas my wedding Ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Dutch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind. *Dutch.* How?

Ant. There is a sawcy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.

Dutch. Remove him. *Ant.* How?

Dutch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it: thus, is it fit? *He kneels.*

Ant. What said you? *Dutch.* Sir,
This goodly roof of yours, is too low built,
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise your self,
Or if you please, my hand to help you: so.

Ant. Ambition (Madam) is a great mans madness:
That is not kept in chains, and close-pent-rooms,
But in fair lightsom lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prating visitants,
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure.
Conceive not, I am so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favours tend: But he's a fool
That (being a cold) would thrust his hands i'th fire
To warm them.

Dutch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy Mine
I make you Lord of. *Ant.* Oh my unworthiness!

Dutch. You were ill to sell your self:
This darkning of your worth, is not like that
Which trades-men use i'th City, their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you would know where breathes a compleat man
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through your self.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue,
And ne're ta'ne wages of her. *Dutch.* Now she pays it,
The misery of us, that are born great,
We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us!

And

And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates : so we
Are forc'd to exprefs our violent passions
In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple vertue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not : Go, go brag
You have left me heartless, mine is in your bosom,
I hope 'twill multiply love there : You do tremble :
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh
To fear, more than to love me : Sir, be confident;
What is't distracts you ? This is flesh and blood (Sir)
'Tis not the figure cut in Allablaster
Kneels at my husbands Tomb : Awake, awake (man)
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you, a young Widow
That claims you for her husband, and like a Widow,
I use but half a blush in't. *Ant.* Truth speak for me,
I will remain the constant Sanctuary
Of your good name.

Dutch. I thank you (gentle Love)
And cause you shall not come to me in debt,
(Being now my Steward) here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est* : This you should have beg'd now :
I have seen children oft eat sweet-meets thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon,

Ant. But for your Brothers ?

Dutch. Do not think of them,
All discord, without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd :
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have favour'd flattery.

Dutch. Kneel.

Ant. Ha ?

Dutch. Be not amazed, this woman's of my Counsel :
I have heard Lawyers say, a contract in a Chamber,
(*Per verba presenti*) is absolute marriage :
Bless (Heaven) this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.

Ant.

The Dutchess of Malfy.

Ant. And may our sweet affections (like the Sphears)
Be still in motion.

Dutch. Quickning, and make
The like soft Musick.

Ant. That we may imitate the loving Palms
(Best Emblem of a peaceful marriage)
That ne're bore fruit divided.

Dutch. What can the Church force more?

Ant. That Fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to divide
Our fixed wishes.

Dutch. How can the Church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the Church
That must but eccho this: Maid, stand apart,
I now am blind.

Ant. What's your conceit in this?

Dutch. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand,
Unto your marriage bed:

(You speak in me this, for we now are one)
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
T'appease my humorous kindred; and if you please
(Like the old tale, in *Alexander* and *Lodovick*)
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste:
Oh; let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets.

Car. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman
Raign most in her, I know not, but it shews
A fearful madness, I owe her much of pity.

Exeunt.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

*Bosola, Castruchio, an Old Lady, Antonio, Delio,
Dutchess, Rodorico, Grisolan*

Bos. You say you would fain be taken for an eminent Courtier?

Cast. 'Tis the very main of my ambition.

Bos. Let me see, you have a reasonable good face for't already;
And your night-cap expresses your ears sufficient largely,
I would have you learn to twirle the strings of your band with a
Good grace; and in a set speech (at th' end of every sentence)
To hum three or four times, or blow your nose (till it smart again)
To recover your memory, when you come to be a President in
Criminal

Criminal cauſes; if you ſmile upon a Priſoner, hang him; but if you frown upon him, and threaten him, let him be ſure to ſcape the Gallows. *Caſt.* I would be a very merry Preſident.

Bof. Do not ſup a nights, 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

Caſt. Rather it would make me have a good ſtomack to quarrel, For they ſay, your roaring boyes eat meat ſeldom, And that makes them ſo valiant: But how ſhall I know whether the people take me For an eminent fellow?

Bof. I will teach a trick to know it: Give out you lye a dying, and if you Hear the common people curſe you, Be ſure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps, You come from painting now? *old La.* From what?

Bof. Why, from your ſcurvy face-phyſick: To behold thee not painted, inclines ſomewhat near A miracle: There in thy face here, were deep rutts, And foul ſloughs the laſt progreſs: There was a Lady in France, that having had the ſmall-pox, Fley'd the Skin off her face, to make it more level; And whereas before ſhe look't like a Nutmeg-grater, After ſhe reſembled an abortive hedg-hog.

old La. Do you call this painting?

Bof. No, no, but you call it carreening of an old Morphew'd Lady, to make her diſembogue again: There's rough-caſt phraſe to your plaſtique.

old La. It ſeems you are well acquainted with my cloſet?

Bof. One would ſuſpect it for a ſhop of witch-craft, To find in it the fat of Serpents; ſpawn of Snakes; Jews ſpittle, And their young childrens ordure, and all theſe for the face: I would ſooner eat a dead pidgeon, taken from the ſoles of the feet Of one ſick of the plague, than kiſs one of you faſting: Here are two of you, whoſe ſin of your youth, is the very Patrimony of the Phyſitian, makes him renew his Foot-cloth with the Spring, and change his High priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leaf: I do wonder you do not loathe your ſelves. Obſerve my meditation now: What thing is in this outward form of man To be belov'd? we account it ominous,

If Nature do produce a Colt, or Lamb,
 A Fawn, or Goat, in any limb resembling
 A man; and fly from't as a prodigy.
 Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
 In any other Creature but himself.
 But in our own flesh, though we bear diseases
 Which have their true names only ta'ne from beasts,
 As the most ulcerous Wolf, and swinish Meazel;
 Though we are eaten up of lice, and worms,
 And though continually we bear about us
 A rotten and dead body, we delight
 To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear
 (Nay all our terrour) is, least our Physician
 Should put us in the ground, to be made sweet.
 Your wife's gone to *Rome*: you two couple, and get you
 To the wells at *Lenca*, to recover your aches.
 I have other work on foot: I observe our Dutchess
 Is sick a days, she pukes, her stomach seeths,
 The fins of her eye-lids look most teeming blew,
 She wains i'th cheek, and waxes fat i'th flank;
 And (contrary to our *Italian* fashion)
 Wears a loose bodied gown, there's somewhat in't,
 I have a trick may chance discover it,
 (A pretty one) I have bought some Apricocks,
 The first our Spring yeilds. *Del.* And so long since married?
 You amaze me.

Ant. Let me seal your lips for ever.

For did I think, that any thing but th'air,
 Could carry these words from you, I should wish
 You had no breath at all: Now Sir, in your Contemplation,
 You are studying to become a great wise fellow.

Bos. Oh Sir, the opinion of wisdom, is a foul terror,
 That runs all over a mans body: if simplicity
 Direct us to have no evil, it directs us to a happy
 Being: For the subtlest folly proceeds from the
 Subtilest wisdom: Let me be simply honest.

Ant. I do understand your in-side. *Bos.* Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seem to appear to th'world
 Puff'd up with your preferment: You continue
 This out of fashion melancholly, leave it, leave it.

Bos.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any Complement whatsoever, shall I confess my self to you? I look no higher than I can reach:
They are the gods that must ride on winged horses:
A Lawyers mule of a slow pace, will both suit
My disposition and business: For (mark me)
When a mans mind rides faster than his horse can gallop,
They quickly both tyre.

Ant. You would look up to Heaven, but I think
The devil, that rules i'th'air, stands in your light.

Bos. Oh (Sir) you are Lord of the Ascendant,
Chief man with the Dutchess; a Duke was your
Cousin German remov'd: Say you were lineally
Descended from King *Pippin*, or he himself,
What of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in
The world, you shall find them but bubbles of water:
Some would think the souls of Princes were brought
Forth by some more weighty cause, than those of meaner persons:
They are deceiv'd, there's the same hand to them:
The like passions sway them; the same reason that makes
A Vicar to go to law for a tythe-pig,
And undo his neighbours, makes them spoil
A whole Province, and batter down goodly
Cities, with the Canon.

Dutch. Your arm, *Antonio*, do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded: *Bosola*,
I would have you (sir) provide for me a Litter,
Such a one as the Dutchess of *Florence* rode in.

Bos. The Dutchess us'd one when she was great with child.

Dutch. I think she did: come hither, mend my ruff,
Here, when? thou art such a tedious Lady; and
Thy breath smells of Lemon pills, would thou hadst done:
Shall I swoond under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother. *Bos.* I fear too much.

Dutch. I have heard you say, that the French Courtiers
Wear their Hats on before the King. *Ant.* I have seen it.

Dutch. In the presence? *Ant.* Yes:
Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt;

Be you the example to the rest o'th'Court,
Put on your hat first.

Ant. You must pardon me:
I have seen, in colder Countries than in *France*,
Nobles stand bare to th' Prince; and the distinction
My thought shew'd reverently.

Bos. I have a Present for your Grace.

Dutch. For me, sir? *Bos.* Apricocks (Madam).

Dutch. O sir, where are they?

I have heard of none to-year. *Bos.* Good, her colour rises.

Dutch. Indeed I thank you: they are wondrous fair ones:
What an unskilful fellow is our Gardener?

We shall have none this month.

Bos. Will not your Grace pare them?

Dutch. No, they tast of musk (methinks) indeed they do:

Bos. I know not: yet I wish your Grace had par'd 'em:

Dutch. Why? *Bos.* I forgot to tell you, the knave Gardener,
(Only to raise his profit by them the sooner)

Did ripen them in horse-dung. *Dutch.* O you jest:

You shall judg: pray taste one. *Ant.* Indeed Madam,

I do not love the fruit. *Dutch.* Sir you are loath

To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit,

They say they are restorative? *Bos.* 'Tis a pretty

Art, this grafting. *Dutch.* 'Tis so: bettering of nature.

Bos. To make Pippin grow upon a crab,
A Dampson on a black thorn: how greedily she eats them?

A whirlwind strike off these bawd-farthingsalls;

For, but for that, and the loose-bodied Gown,

I should have discover'd apparently

The young spring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.

Dutch. I thank you (*Bosola*) they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sick. *Ant.* How now Madam?

Dutch. This green fruit and my stomach are not friends,
How they swell me?

Bos. Nay, you are too much swell'd already.

Dutch. Oh, I am in an extream cold sweat.

Bos. I am very sorry.

Dutch. Lights to my Chamber: O, good *Antonio*,

I fear I am undone,

Del. Lights there, lights.

Exit. Dutchess.

Ant.

Ant. O my truſty *Delio*, we are loſt:
I fear ſhe's ſaln in labour: and there's left
No time for her remove.

Del. Have you prepar'd
Thoſe Ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique ſafe conveyance for the Mid-wife,
Your Dutcheſs plotted? *Ant.* I have.

Del. Make uſe then of this forc'd occaſion:
Give out that *Bofola* hath poyſon'd her
With theſe Apricocks: that will give ſome colour
For her keeping cloſe. *Ant.* Fye, fye, the Phyſitians
Will then flock to her.

Del. For that you may pretend
She'll uſe ſome prepar'd Antidote of her own,
Left the Phyſitians ſhould re-poyſon her.

Ant. I am loſt in amazement: I know not what to think on't. *Ex.*

SCENA II.

*Bofola, Old Lady, Antonio, Roderico, Griſolan,
Servants, Delio, Cariola.*

Bof. So, ſo: there's no queſtion but her teatchives
And moſt vulturous eating of the Apricocks, are apparent
Signs of breeding: now? *Old La.* I am in haſte (Sir)

Bof. There was a young waiting-woman, had a monſtrous deſire
To ſee the Glaſs-houſe. *Old La.* Nay, pray let me go.

Bof. And it was only to know what ſtrange inſtrument it was,
Should ſwell up a Glaſs to the faſhion of a womans belly.

Old La. I will hear no more of the Glaſs-houſe,
You are ſtill abuſing women?

Bof. Who I? no, only (by the way now and then) mention
Your frailties. The Orange-tree bears ripe and green
Fruit, and bloſſoms altogether: and ſome of you give entertainment
For pure love: but more, for more precious reward. The luſty
Spring ſmells well: but drooping Autumn taſtes well: If we
Have the ſame golden ſhowres, that rained in the time of *Jupiter*
The Thunderer, you have the ſame *Dames* ſtill, to hold up their
Laps to receive them: diſt thou never ſtudy the *Mathematicques*?

Old La. What's that (ſir)

The Dutcheſs of Malfy.

Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet
In one center: Go, go, give your foſter-daughters good counſell,
Tell them, that the devil takes delight to hang at a womans girdle
Like a falſe ruſty watch, that ſhe cannot diſcern how
The time paſſes. *Ant.* Shut up the Court-gates.

Rod. Why ſir? what's the danger?

Ant. Shut up the poſterns preſently, and call
All the Officers o'th Court. *Grif.* I ſhall inſtantly.

Ant. Who keeps the key o'th Park-gate?

Rod. Foroboſco. *Ant.* Let him bring't preſently.

Servant. Oh, Gentlemen o'th Court, the fowleſt treaſon.

Bos. If that theſe Apricocks ſhould be poyſon'd now;
Without my knowledg.

Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer
In the Dutcheſs Bed-chamber. *2 Serv.* A Switzer?

Serv. With a piſtol in his great cod-piece.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha. *Serv.* The cod-piece was the caſe for't.

2 Serv. There was a cunning traitor;
Who would have ſearch'd his cod-piece?

Serv. True, if he had kept out of the Ladies Chambers:
And all the moulds of his buttons, were leaden bullets.

2 Serv. Oh wicked Canibal: a fire-lock in's cod-piece?

Serv. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

2 Serv. To ſee what the devil can do.

Ant. All the Officers here. *Ser.* We are. *Ant.* Gentlemen;
We have loſt much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of four thouſand Duckats,
Are miſſing in the Dutcheſs Cabinet,
Are the gates ſhut? *Serv.* Yes.

Ant. 'Tis the Dutcheſs pleaſure
Each Officer be lock't into his Chamber
Till the Sun-riſing: and to ſend the keys
Of all their cheſts, and of their outward doors
Into her Bed-chamber: She is very ſick.

Rod. At her pleaſure.

Ant. She intreats you tak't not ill: The innocent
Shall be the more approv'd by it.

Bos. Gentleman o'th Wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?

Serv. By this hand 'twas credibly reported by one o'th Black-

Del. How fares it with the Dutcheſs? (guard.

Ant.

Ant. She's expos'd
Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear.

Del. Speak to her all happy comfort.

Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger !
You are this night (dear friend) to post to *Rome*,
My life lies in your service. *Del.* Do not doubt me.

Ant. Oh, 'tis far from me: and yet fear presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

Del. Believe it,
'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more :
How superstitiously we mind our evils ?
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a Hare ;
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse :
Or singing of a Cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us : Sir, fare you well :
I wish you all the joyes of a blest father ;
And (for my faith) lay this into your breast,
Old friends (like old swords) still are trusted best.

Cariola. Sir, you are the happy father of a son,
Your wife commends him to you. *Ant.* Blessed comfort :
For Heaven's sake tend her well: I'll presently
Go set a figure for's Nativity,

Exeunt.

SCENA III.

Bosola, Antonio,

Bos. Sure I did hear a woman shriek: list, hah?
And the sound came (if I receiv'd it right)
From the Dutchess lodgings: there's some stratagem,
In the confining all our Courtiers
To their several wards: I must have part of it,
My intelligence will frieze else: List again,
It may be 'twas the melancholly bird,
(Best friend of silence, and of solitariness)
The Owl, that schream'd so: hah? *Antonio?*

Ant. I heard some noyse: who's there? what art thou? speak.

Bos. Antonio; Put not your face; nor body
To such a forc'd expression of fear,
I am *Bosola* your friend. *Ant.* *Bosola?*

(This

(This Mole do's undermine me) heard you not
A noise even now? *Bos.* From whence?

Ant. From the Dutchess lodging.

Bos. Not I: did you? *Ant.* I did, or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walk towards it.

Ant. No: It may be 'twas

But the rising of the wind. *Bos.* Very likely:

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.

You look wildly.

Ant. I have been setting a figure

For the Dutchess Jewels;

Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?

Do you find it radical? *Ant.* What's that to you?

'Tis rather to be question'd what design

(When all men were commanded to their lodgings)

Makes you a night-walker.

Bos. In sooth I'll tell you:

Now all the Court's asleep, I thought the devil

Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers,

And if it do offend you, I do so,

You are a fine Courtier.

Ant. This fellow will undo me:

You gave the Dutchess Apricocks to day,

Pray heaven they were not poyson'd?

Bos. Poyson'd? a Spanish fig

For the imputation. *Ant.* Traitors are ever confident,

Till they are discover'd; There were Jewels stoln too,

In my conceit none are to be suspected

More than your self. *Bos.* You are a false Steward.

Ant. Sawcy slave; I'll pull thee up by the roots.

Bos. May be the ruin will crush you to pieces.

Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed (sir):

Are you scarce warm, and do you shew your sting?

You Libel well (sir.) *Bos.* No sir,

Copy it out, and I will set my hand to't.

Ant. My nose bleeds: One that were superstitious, would count

This ominous, when it meerly comes by chance.

Two letters, that are wrote here for my name

Are drown'd in blood; meer accident: for you (sir) I'll take order:

I'th'morn you shall be safe; 'tis that must colour

Her

Her lying in ; ſir, this dore you paſs not:
I do not hold it fit that you come near
The Dutcheſs lodgings, till you have quit your ſelf;
The Great are like the Baſe; nay, they are the ſame,
When they ſeek ſhamefull ways to avoid ſhame.

Exit.

Boſ. Antonio hereabout did drop a Paper,
Some of your help (faſe friend): oh, here it is:
What's here? a Childs Nativity calculated?

*The Dutcheſs was deliver'd of a Son 'tween the hours twelve
and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504, (that's this year)
decimo nono Decembris, (that's this night) taken according to
the Meridian of Malfy (that's our Dutcheſs, happy diſcovery).
The Lord of the firſt houſe being combuſt in the Aſcendant, ſignifies
ſhort life: and Mars being in a human ſign, joyn'd to the taile of
the Dragon, in the eight houſe, doth threaten a violent death;
Cætera non ſcrutantur.*

Why now 'tis moſt apparent: This precise fellow
Is the Dutcheſs Bawd: I have it to my wiſh:
This is a parcel of Intelligency
Our Courtiers were caſ'd up for: It needs muſt follow,
That I muſt be committed, on pretence
Of poiſoning her: which I'll endure, and laugh at:
If one could find the father now: but that
Time will diſcover; *Old Caſtruchio*
I'th morning poſts to Rome; by him I'll ſend
A Letter, that ſhall make her brothers Galls
Ore-flow their Livers; this was a thrifty way,
*Though luſt do maſque in ne're ſo ſtrange diſguiſe,
She's oft found witty, but is never wiſe.*

SCENA IV.

Cardinal, and Julia, Servant, and Delio.

Card. Sit: thou art my beſt of wiſhes, prethee tell me
What trick didſt thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband? *Jul.* Why (my Lord) I told him
I came to viſit an old Anchorite
Here, for devotion. *Card.* Thou art a witty faſe one:
I mean to him. *Jul.* You have prevailed with me

Beyond

Beyond my ſtrongeſt thoughts : I would not now
Find you inconstant. *Card.* Do not put thy ſelf
To ſuch a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt. *Jul.* (How my Lord?)

Card. You fear my conſtancy, becauſe you have approv'd
Thoſe giddy and wild turnings in your ſelf,

Jul. Did you ere find them?

Card. Sooth generally for women ;
A man might ſtrive to make glaſs malable,
Ere he ſhould make them fixed. *Jul.* So, (my Lord)

Card. We had need go borrow that fantaſtique glaſs
Invented by *Galileo* the *Florentine*,
To view another ſpacious world i'th' Moon,
And look to find a conſtant woman there.

Jul. This is very well (my Lord.)

Card. Why do you weep?

Are tears your juſtification? the ſelf ſame tears
Will fall into your husbands boſome, (Lady)
With a loud proteſtation, that you love him
Above the world: Come, I'll love you wiſely,
That jealouſly, ſince I am very certain
You cannot make me a cuckold. *Jul.* I'll go home

To my husband. *Card.* You may thank me Lady,
I have taken you off your melancholly pearch,
Bore you upon my fiſt, and ſhew'd you game,
And let you flye at it: I prethee kiſs me,
When thou waſ't with thy husband, thou waſ't watch't
Like a tame Elephant: (ſtill you are to thank me)
Thou hadſt only kiſſes from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'twas juſt like one
That hath a little fingring on the Lute,
Yet cannot tune it: (ſtill you are to thank me.)

Jul. You told me of a piteous wound i'th' heart,
And a ſick liver, when you wooed me firſt,
And ſpake like one in phyſick. *Card.* Who's that?
Reſt firm, for my affection to thee,

Lightning moves ſlow to't. *Serv.* Madam, a Gentleman
That's come poſt from *Malfy*, deſires to ſee you.

Car. Let him enter, I'll withdraw. *Ex. Ser.* He ſayes,
Your husband (old *Castruchio*) is come to *Rome*,

Most pitifully tyr'd with riding post.

Jul. Signior *Delio*? 'tis one of my old Suitors,

Del. I was bold, and come to see you.

Jul. Sir, you are welcome. *Del.* Do you lye here?

Jul. Sure, your own experience

Will satisfie you now, our *Roman* Prelates

Do not keep lodging for Ladies. *Del.* Very well:

I have brought you no commendations from your husband,

For I know none by him. *Jul.* I hear he's come to *Rome*.

Del. I never knew man, and beast, of a horse and a knight,

So weary of each other; if he had had a good back,

He would have undertook to have born his horse,

His breech was so pitifully fore. *Jul.* Your laughter

Is my pity. *Del.* Lady, I know not whether

You want mony, but I have brought you some.

Jul. From my husband?

Del. No, from my own allowance.

Jul. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.

Del. Look on't, 'tis gold; hath it not a fine colour?

Jul. I have a Bird more beautiful.

Del. Try the sound on't. *Jul.* A Lutestring far exceeds it,

It hath no smell, like Cassia, or Cyvit;

Nor is it physical, though some fond Doctors

Perswade us, seeth'd in Cullisses; I'll tell you,

This is a Creature bred by——

Ser. Your husband's come,

Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*, that,

To my thinking, hath put him out of his wits.

Jul. Sir, you hear,

Pray let me know your business, and your suit,

As briefly as can be.

Del. With good speed, I would wish you

(At such time as you are non-resident

With your husband) my Mistress.

Jul. Sir, Ile go ask my husband if I shall,

And straight return your answer.

Ex it.

Del. Very fine. Is this her wit, or honesty, that speak thus?

I heard one say the Duke was highly mov'd

With a letter sent from *Malfy*: I do fear

Antonio is betray'd: how fearfully

Beyond my strongest thoughts : I would not now
Find you inconstant. *Card.* Do not put thy self
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt. *Jul.* (How my Lord?)

Card. You fear my constancy, because you have approv'd
Those giddy and wild turnings in your self,

Jul. Did you ere find them?

Card. Sooth generally for women;

A man might strive to make glasse malable,
Ere he should make them fixed. *Jul.* So, (my Lord)

Card. We had need go borrow that fantastique glasse
Invented by *Galileo* the *Florentine*,
To view another spacious world i'th' Moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.

Jul. This is very well (my Lord.)

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Are tears your justification? the self same tears
Will fall into your husbands bosome, (Lady)
With a loud protestation, that you love him
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That jealously, since I am very certain

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But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
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Yet cannot tune it: (still you are to thank me.)

Jul. You told me of a piteous wound i'th' heart,
And a sick liver, when you wooed me first,

And spake like one in physick. *Card.* Who's that?
Rest firm, for my affection to thee,

Lightning moves slow to't. *Serv.* Madam, a Gentleman

That's come post from *Malfy*, desires to see you.

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I have brought you no commendations from your husband,

For I know none by him. *Jul.* I hear he's come to *Rome*.

Del. I never knew man, and beast, of a horse and a knight,

So weary of each other; if he had had a good back,

He would have undertook to have born his horse,

His breech was so pitifully fore. *Jul.* Your laughter

Is my pity. *Del.* Lady, I know not whether

You want mony, but I have brought you some.

Jul. From my husband?

Del. No, from my own allowance.

Jul. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.

Del. Look on't, 'tis gold; hath it not a fine colour?

Jul. I have a Bird more beautiful.

Del. Try the sound on't. *Jul.* A Lute string far exceeds it,

It hath no smell, like *Cassia*, or *Cyvit*;

Nor is it physical, though some fond Doctors

Perswade us, seeth'd in Cullisses; I'll tell you,

This is a Creature bred by——

Ser. Your husband's come,

Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*, that,

To my thinking, hath put him out of his wits.

Jul. Sir, you hear,

Pray let me know your business, and your suit,

As briefly as can be.

Del. With good speed, I would wish you

(At such time as you are non-resident

With your husband) my Mistress.

Jul. Sir, Ile go ask my husband if I shall,

And straight return your answer.

Ex it.

Del. Very fine.

Is this her wit, or honesty, that speak thus?

I heard one say the Duke was highly mov'd

With a letter sent from *Malfy*: I do fear

Antonio is betray'd: how fearfully

Shews his ambition now ! (unfortunate Fortune !)
 They pass through whirl-pools, and deep woes do shun,
 Who the event weigh, ere the action's done.

S C E N A V.

Cardinal, and Ferdinand, with a letter.

Ferd. I have this night dig'd up a mandrake.

Car. Say you ? *Ferd.* And I am grown mad with't.

Car. What's the prodigy ?

Ferd. Read there, a sister damn'd, she's loose i'th' hilt :
 Grown a notorious Strumpet.

Car. Speak lower. *Ferd.* Lower ?

Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to publish't,
 (As servants do the bounty of their Lords)

Aloud ; and with a covetous searching eye,
 To mark who note them : Oh confusion seize her,
 She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,
 And more secure conveyances for lust,
 Than Towns of garrison for service. *Card.* Is't possible ?

Can this be certain ? *Ferd.* Rubarb, oh for rubarb

To purge this choler ; here's the cursed day
 To prompt my memory, and here't shall stick

Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge

To wipe it out. *Card.* Why do you make your self

So wild a tempest ? *Ferd.* Would I could be one,

That I might toss her Palace bout her ears,

Root up her goodly forrests, blast her meads,

And lay her general territory as waste,

As she hath done her honours. *Card.* Shall our blood

(The royal blood of *Arragon*, and *Castil*)

Be thus attainted ? *Ferd.* Apply desperate physick,

We must not now use Balsamum, but fire,

The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the mean

To purge infected blood, (such blood as hers :)

There is a kind of pity in mine eye,

I'll give it to my handkerchief ; and now 'tis here,

I'll bequeath this to her Bastard. *Card.* What to do ?

Ferd. Why to make soft lint for his mothers wounds,

When

When I have hewed her to pieces.

Card. Curs'd creature,

Unequal nature, to place womens hearts

So far upon the left-side. *Ferd.* Foolish men,

That ere will trust their honour in a Bark

Made of so slight, weak bul-rush, as this woman,

Apt every minute to sink it. *Card.* Thus

Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,

It cannot weild it.

Ferd. Methinks I see her laughing:

Excellent *Hyenna*, talk to me somewhat, quickly,

Or my imagination will carry me

To see her in the shameful act of sin. *Card.* With whom?

Ferd. Happily with some strong thigh'd Barge-man?

Or one o'th' wood-yard, that can quoit the sledg,

Or tosse the bar, or else some lovely Squire

That carries coles up to her private lodgings.

Card. You flye beyoud your reason.

Ferd. Go to (Mistress)

'Tis not your whores milk that can quench my wild-fire,

But your whores blood.

Card. How idly shews this rage?

Which carries you, as men convey'd by witches, through the ayre,

On violent whirl-winds: this intemperate noise

Fitly resembles deaf mens shrill discourse,

Who talk aloud, thinking all other men

To have their imperfection. *Ferd.* Have not you

My palsey? *Card.* Yes, I can be angry

Without this rupture, there is not in nature

A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,

As doth intemperate anger: chide your self;

You have divers men, who never yet exprest

Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,

By vexing of themselves: Come, put your self

In tune.

Ferd. So, I will only study to seem

The thing I am not: I could kill her now,

In you, or in my self; for I do think

It is some sin in us, Heaven doth revenge

By her. *Card.* Are you stark mad?

Ferd. I would have their bodies

Burnt in a cole-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
 That their curs'd smoak might not ascend to Heaven:
 Or dip the sheets they lie in, in pitch or sulphur,
 Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match:
 Or else to boyle their Bastard to a culliss,
 And giv't his leacherous father, to renew
 The sin of his back.

Card. Ple leave you. *Ferd.* Nay, I have done:
 I am confident, had I been damn'd in Hell,
 And should have heard of this, it would have put me
 Into a cold sweat: In, in, I'll go sleep
 Till I know who leaps my sisters; I'll not stir:
 That known, I'll find Scorpions to sting my whips,
 And fix her in a general Eclipse.

Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Antonio, and Delio, Dutchess, Ferdinand, Bosola,

Ant. Our noble friend (my most beloved *Delio*)
 Oh, You have been a stranger long at Court:
 Came you along with the Lord *Ferdinand*?

Del. I did sir: and how fares your noble Dutchess?

Ant. Right fortunately well: She's an excellent
 Feeder of Pedigrees: since you last saw her,
 She hath had two children more, a son and daughter.

Del. Methinks 'twas yesterday: Let me but wink,
 And not behold your face, which to my eye
 Is somewhat leaner; verily I should dream
 It were within this half hour.

Ant. You have not been in Law (friend *Delio*)
 Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the Court,
 Nor beg'd the reversion of some great mans place,
 Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
 Your time so insensibly hasten. *Del.* Pray sir tell me,
 Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear
 Of the Lord Cardinal?

Ant. I fear it hath,
 The Lord *Ferdinand* (that's newly come to Court)
 Doth bear himself right dangerously. *Del.* Pray why?

Ant. He is so quiet, that he seems to sleep

The

The tempest out (as Dormice do in winter):
Those houses that are haunted, are more still
Till the Devil be up. *Del.* What say the common people?

Ant. The common rabble, do directly say
She is a Strumpet. *Del.* And your graver heads,
(Which would be politique) what censure they?

Ant. They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase,
The left hand way; and all suppose the Dutchess
Would amend it, if she could: For, say they
Great Princes, though they grudge their Officers
Should have such large, and unconfined means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people: for other obligation

Of love or marriage, between her and me,
They never dream of. *Del.* The Lord *Ferdinand*
Is going to bed. *Ferd.* I'll instantly to bed,

For I am weary; I am to be-speak
A husband for you. *Dutch.* For me sir? pray who is't?

Ferd. The great Count *Malatesta*. *Dutch.* Fye upon him,
A Count? he's a meer stick of Sugar-candy,
(You may look quite through him): when I chuse
A husband, I will marry for your honour:

Ferd. You shall do well in't: How is't (worthy *Antonio*?)
Dutch. But (Sir) I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread

Touching my honour. *Ferd.* Let me be ever deaf to't:

One of Pasquils paper-bullets, Court-calumny,
A pestilent air, which Princes Palaces
Are seldom purg'd off: Yet, say that it were true.

I pour it in your bosome, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny
Faults, were they apparent in you: Go be safe

In your own innocency. *Dutch.* Oh bless'd comfort!
This deadly air is purg'd.

Exeunt.

Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning cultures: Now *Bosola*,
How thrives our intelligence? *Bos.* Sir uncertainly,

'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards; but
By whom, we may go read i'th' Starrs. *Ferd.* Why some

Hold.

Hold opinion, all things are written there.

Bof. Yes, if we could find Spectacles to read them:
I do ſuſpect, there hath been ſome Sorcery
Us'd on the Dutcheſs. *Ferd.* Sorcery, to what purpoſe?

Bof. To make her dote on ſome deſertleſs fellow,
She ſhames to acknowledg.

Ferd. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in Potions, or in Charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?

Bof. Moſt certainly.

Ferd. Away, theſe are meer gulleries, horrid things,
Invented by ſome cheating Mountebanks
To abuſe us: Do you think that herbs, or charms,
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this fooliſh practice, but the ingredients
Were lenative poiſons, ſuch as are of force
To make the patient mad; and ſtraight the witch
Swears (by equivocation) they are in love.
The witch-craft lies in her rank blood: this night
I will force confeſſion from her: You told me
You had got (within this two days) a falſe key
Into her Bed-chamber. *Bof.* I have.

Ferd. As I would wiſh.

Bof. What do you intend to do? *Ferd.* Can you gueſs?

Bof. No. *Ferd.* Do not aſk then:

He that can compaſs me, and know my drifts,
May ſay he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And ſounded all her quick-ſands. *Bof.* I do not
Think ſo. *Ferd.* What do you think then, pray?

Bof. That you are
Your own Chronicle too much: and groſſly
Flatter your ſelf. *Ferd.* Give me thy hand, I thank thee:
I never gave Penſion but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee: farewell.

*That friend a great mans ruine ſtrongly checks,
Who railes into his belief, all his defects.*

SCENA II.

Dutcheſs, Antonio, Cariola, Ferdinand, Boſola, Officers.

Dutch. Bring me the Casket hither, and the Glaſs;

You

The Dutchess of Malfy.

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You get no lodging here to night (my Lord.)

Ant. Indeed I must perswade one. *Dutch.* Very good:

I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That Noble men shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a nights lodging of their wives.

Ant. I must lye here.

Dutch. Must? you are a Lord of mis-rule.

Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

Dutch. To what use will you put me?

Ant. We'll sleep together.

Dutch. Alas, what pleasure can two Lovers find in sleep?

Car. My Lord, I lye with her often: and I know
She'l much disquiet you.

Ant. See, you are complain'd of.

Car. For she's the sprawlingst-bedfellow.

Ant. I shall like her the better for that.

Car. Sir, shall I ask you a question?

Ant. I pray thee *Cariola*.

Car. Wherefore still when you lye with my Lady,
Do you rise so early?

Ant. Labouring men

Count the Clock oftneft, *Cariola*,

Are glad when their task's ended. *Dutch.* I'll stop your mouth,

Ant. Nay, that's but one; *Venus* had two soft Doves
To draw her Chariot: I must have another:

When wilt thou marry *Cariola*? *Car.* Never (my Lord)

Ant. O fie upon this single life: forgo it:

We read how *Daphne*, for her peevish slight

Became a fruitless Bay-tree: *Sirinx* turn'd

To the pale empty Reed: *Anaxarate*

Was frozen into Marble: whereas those

Which married or prov'd kind unto their friends,

Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd

Into the Olive, Pomgranet, Mulberry:

Became Flowers, precious Stones, or eminent Stars.

Car. This is a vain Poetry; but I pray you tell me,

If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,

In three several young-men, which should I chuse?

Ant. 'Tis a hard question: This was *Paris* case,

And he was blind in't, and there was great cause:

The Dutcheſs of Maſly.

For how waſt poſſible he ſhould judg right,
 Having three amorous Goddeſſes in view,
 And they ſtark naked: 'twas a Motion
 Were able to benight the apprehenſion
 Of the ſevereſt Councellor of *Europe*.

Now I look on both your faces, ſo well form'd,
 It puts me in mind of a queſtion, I would aſk.

Car. What iſt?

Ant. I do wonder why hard-favour'd Ladies
 For the moſt part, keep worſe-favour'd waiting-women,
 To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

Dutch. Oh, that's ſoon answer'd.

Did you ever in your life know an ill Painter
 Deſire to have his dwelling next door to the ſhop
 Of an excellent Picture-maker? 'twould diſgrace
 His face-making, and undo him: I prithee
 When were we merry? my hair tangles.

Ant. Pray thee, *Cariola*, let's ſteal forth the room,
 And let her talk to her ſelf: I have divers times
 Served her the like, when ſhe had chaf'd extreemly:
 I love to ſee her angry: ſoftly *Cariola*.

Exeunt.

Dutch. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?
 When I wax gray, I ſhall have all the Court
 Powder their hair with Arras, to be like me:
 You have cauſe to love me; I entred into my heart
 Before you would vouchſafe to call for the keys.
 We ſhall one day have my brothers take you napping:
 Methinks his Preſence (being now in Court)
 Should make you keep your own bed: but you'll ſay
 Love mixt with fear, is ſweeteſt: I'll aſſure you
 You ſhall get no more children till my brothers (welcome:
 Conſent to be your Goſſips: have you loſt your tongue? 'tis
 For know whether I am doom'd to live, or die,
 I can do both like a Prince.

Ferdinand gives her a Poniard.

Ferd. Die then, quickly:

Vertue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
 Is it, that doth clip thee? *Dutch.* Pray, ſir, hear me.

Ferd. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,
 And no eſſential thing?

Dutch. Sir.

Ferd. Do not ſpeak.

Dutch. No, ſir:

I will

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

Ferd. Oh must imperfect light of humane reason,
That mak'st so unhappy, to fore-see
What we can least prevent: Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort,
But to be past all bounds, and sense of shame.

Dutch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married. *Ferd.* So.

Dutch. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,
Alas, your sheers do come untimely now
To clip the birds wings, that's already flown:
Will you see my Husband? *Fer.* Yes, if I
Could change eyes with a Basilisque.

Dutch. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy. *Ferd.* The howling of a Wolf
Is musick to the screech-Owl: prethee peace:
What ere thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,
(For I am sure thou heardst me) for mine own sake
Let me not know thee: I came hither prepar'd
To work thy discovery: yet am now perswaded
It would beget so violent effects
As would damn us both: I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee; therefore use all means
I never may have knowledg of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition: and for thee (wild woman)
If thou do wish thy Leacher may grow old
In thy Embracements, I would have thee build
Such a room for him as our Anchorites
To holier use inhabit: Let not the Sun
Shine on him, till he's dead: Let Dogs and Monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom nature denies use, to sound his name.
Do not keep a Paraqueto, lest she learn it;
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue
Lest it bewray him.

Dutch. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world, or custom. *Ferd.* Thou art undone.
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and foulded it

About my heart. *Dutch.* Mine bleeds for't.

Ferd. Thine? thy heart?

What should I name't, unless a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Dutch. You are, in this

Too strict; and were you not my Princely brother,
I would say too wilfull: My reputation
Is safe. *Ferd.* Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee to small purpose, since th' intrusion
Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o're the world: and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways:
Death told them, they should find him in great battels:
Or Cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk't of: and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
By their dead parents: stay (quoth Reputation)
Do not forsake me: for it is my nature

If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again: And so, for you:
You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible: So fare you well.
I will never see you more. *Dutch.* Why should only I,
Of all the other Princes of the world,
Be cas'd up, like a holy Relique? I have youth,
And a little beauty.

Ferd. So you have some Virgins,
That are Witches. I will never see thee more. *Exit.*

Dutch. You saw this apparition.

Enter Antonio with a Pistol.

Ant. Yes; we are
Betray'd; how came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that. *Car.* Pray sir do: and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence. *Dutch.* That Gallery gave him entrance:

Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That (standing on my guard) I might relate
My warrantable love: ha, what means this?

Dutch.

Dutch. He left this with me.

She shewes the Penyard.

Ant. And it seems, did wish

You would use it on your self.

Dutch. His action

Seem'd to intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle to't,

As well as a point, turn it towards him,

And so fasten the keen edge in his rank Gall:

How now? who knocks? more Earthquakes?

Dutch. I stand

As if a Myne, beneath my feet, were ready

To be blown up. *Car.* 'Tis *Bosola*.

Dutch. Away,

Oh misery! methinks unjust actions

Should wear these masques and curtains, and not we:

You must instantly part hence, I have fashion'd it already. *Ex. Ant.*

Bos. The Duke your brother is ta'ne up in a whirl-wind,

Hath took horse, and's rid post to *Rome*. *Dutch.* So late?

Bos. He told me, (as he mounted into th' saddle)

You were undone. *Dutch.* Indeed, I am very near it.

Bos. What's the matter?

Dutch. *Antonio* the master of our household

Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts:

My brother stood engag'd with me for money

Ta'ne up of certain *Neapolitan* Jews,

And *Antonio* let's the bonds be forfeit.

Bos. Strange! this is cunning!

Dutch. And hereupon

My brothers Bills at *Naples* are protested:

Against: call up the Officers.

Bos. I shall.

Exit.

Dutch. The place that you must flye to, is *Ancona*:

Hire a house there. I'll send after you

My treasure, and my Jewels: our weak safety

Runs upon ingenious wheels; shor't syllables,

Must stand for periods: I must now accuse you

Of such a feigned crime, as *Tasso* calls

Magnanima Mensogna, a Noble lye,

Cause it must shield our honours: hark they are coming.

Ant. Will your grace hear me?

Dutch. I have got well by you: you have yeelded me

A million of los; I am like to inherit

The peoples curses for your Stewardship:

You had the trick in Audit-time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your *Quietus*; and that cur'd you
Without help of a Doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all:
So shall you hold my favour: I pray let him;
For h'as done that (alas) you would not think of;
And (because I intend to be rid of him)
I mean not to publish: use your fortune elsewhere.

Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brook my overthrow,
As commonly men bear with a hard year:
I will not blame the cause on't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour: O the inconstant
And rotten ground of service, you may see:
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night,
Takes a long slumber ore a dying fire;
As loath to part from't: yet parts thence as cold,
As when he first sate down. *Dutch.* We do confiscate
(Towards the satisfying of your accounts)

All that you have. *Ant.* I am all yours: and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so. *Dutch.* So, sir; you have your Pass.

Ant. You may see (Gentlemen) what 'tis to serve
A Prince with body and soul. *Exit.*

Bos. Here's an example for exhortation; what moisture is
Drawn out of the Sea, when foul weather comes, pours down,
And runs into the Sea again.

Dutch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this *Antenio*.

2 *Offi.* He could not abide to see a Pigs head gaping,
I thought your Grace would find him a Jew.

3 *Offi.* I would you had been Officer, for your own sake.

4 *Offi.* You would have had more money.

1 *Offi.* He stop'd his ears with black wool: and to those came
To him for money, said he was thick of hearing. (a woman.)

2 *Offi.* Some said he was an Hermaphrodite, for he could not abide

4 *Offi.* How scurvy proud would he look, when the Treasury
Well, let him go. (was full:

1 *Offi.* Yes, and the chippings of the Buttery flye after him,
To scowre his golden Chain.

Dutch. Leave us: what do you think of these?

Bos. That theſe are rogues ; that in's proſperity,
But to have waited on this Fortune, could have wiſh'd
His dirty Stirrop riveted through their noſes:
And follow'd after's Mule, like a bear in a ring.
Would have prostituted their daughters to his luſt :
Made their firſt-born Intelligencers : thought none happy
But ſuch as were born under his Planet;
And wore his Livery : and do theſe lice drop off now ?
Well, never look to have the like again :
He hath left a fort of flattering rogues behind him,
Their doom muſt follow : Princes pay flatterers
In their own money : Flatterers diſſemble their vices,
And they diſſemble their lies, that's Juſtice:
Alas, poor Gentleman!

Dutch. Poor ? he hath amply fill'd his coſſers.

Bos. Sure he was too honeſt: *Pluto* the god of riches,
When he's ſent (by *Jupiter*) to any man,
He goes limping, to ſignify that wealth
That comes on gods name, comes ſlowly, but when he's ſent
On the devils errand, he rides poſt, and comes in by ſcuttles :
Let me ſhew you, what a moſt unvalu'd Jewel
You have (in a wanton humour) thrown away,
To bleſs the man ſhall find him: He was an excellent
Courtier, and moſt faithful ; a Souldier, that thought it
As beaſtly to know his own value too little,
As devilliſh to acknowledg it too much:
Both his vertue and form, deſerv'd a far better fortune :
His diſcourſe rather delighted to judg it ſelf, than ſhew it ſelf.
His breaſt was fill'd with all perfection,
And yet it ſeem'd a private whispering-room,
It made ſo little noiſe of't.

Dutch. But he was baſely deſcended.

Bos. Will you make your ſelf a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine mens pedigrees, than vertues ?
You ſhall want him:
For know an honeſt States-man, to a Prince,
Is like a Cedar planted by a Spring,
The Spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree,
Rewards it with his ſhadow : you have not done ſo :
I would ſooner ſwim to the *Bermootka's* on two Politicians:

Rotten

The Dutcheſs of Maſſy.

Rotten bladders, ti'de together with an Intelligencer's heart-string,
Than depend on ſo changeable a Prince's favour.
Fare thee well (*Antonio*) ſince the malice of the world
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be ſaid yet
That any ill happened unto thee, conſidering thy fall
Was accompanied with vertue.

Dutch. Oh, you render me excellent muſick. *Bof.* Say you?

Dutch. This good one that you ſpeak of, is my husband.

Bof. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age
Have ſo much goodneſs in't, as to prefer
Of wealth and painted honours? poſſible?

Dutch. I have had three children by him.

Bof. Fortunate Lady,

For you have made your private Nuptial bed
The humble and fair Seminary of peace:
No queſtion but many an unbenefic'd Scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoyce
That ſome preferment in the world can yet
Arife from merit. The virgins of your land
(That have no dowries) ſhall hope your example
Will raiſe them to rich husbands: Should you want
Soldiers, 'twould make the very *Turks* and *Moors*
Turn Chriſtians, and ſerve you for this act.
Laſt, the neglected Poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Raiſ'd by that curious engine (your white hand)
Shall thank you in your grave for't; and make that
More reverend than all the Cabinets
Of living Princes: For *Antonio*
His fame, ſhall likewiſe flow, from many a pen,
When Herald ſhall want coats to ſell to men.

Dutch. As I taſt comfort in this friendly ſpeech,
So would I find concealment.

Bof. O the ſecret of my Prince,
Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart.

Dutch. You ſhall take charge of all my coyn, and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himſelf
To *Ancona*.

Bof. So.

Dutch. Whither, within few dayes;

I mean to follow thee. *Bof.* Let me think:

I would

I would wish your Grace to feign a Pilgrimage
To our Lady of *Loretto*, (scarce seven leagues
From fair *Ancona*) so may you depart
Your Country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a Princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you. *Dutch.* Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand. *Car.* In my opinion
She were better progress to the bathes
At *Lenca*, or go visit the *Spaw*
In *Germany*: for (if you will believe me)
I do not like this jesting with Religion,
This feigned Pilgrimage.

Dutch. Thou art a superstitious fool,
Prepare us instantly for our departure:
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

Bos. A Politician is the devils quilted anvil,
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard; he may work in a Ladies Chamber,
(As here for proof): what rests, but I reveal
All to my Lord: Oh this base quality
Of Intelligencers? why, every Quality i'th' world
Prefers, but gain or commendation:
Now for this act, I am certain to be rais'd,
And men that paint weeds (to the life) are prais'd.

Exit.

SCENA III.

Cardinal, Ferdinand, Malatesta, Pescara, Silvio, Delio, Bosola.

Card. Must we turn Soldier then? *Mal.* The Emperour,
Hearing your worth that way, (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment) joyns you in commission
With the right fortunate Soldier, the Marquess of *Pescara*,
And the famous *Lanoy*. *Card.* He that had the honour
Of taking the *French King* prisoner?

Mal. The same:
Here's a plot drawn for a new Fortification
At *Naples*. *Ferd.* This great Count *Malatesta*, I perceive,
Hath got employment? *Del.* No employment (my Lord)

A mar-

A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is
A voluntary Lord. *Ferd.* He's no Souldier.

Del. He has worn Gun-powder in's hollow tooth, for the

Sil. He came to the leagure with a full intent, Tooth-ach.
To eat fresh beef and garlick, means to stay
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to Court.

Del. He hath read all the late service,
As the City Chronicle relates it.

And keeps two Painters going, only to expresse
Battels in model. *Sil.* Then he'll fight by the book.

Del. By the Almanack, I think,
To choose good dayes, and shun the Critical;
That's his mistris Skarfe. *Sil.* Yes, he protests
He would do much for that Taffita.

Del. I think he would run away from a battel
To save it from taking prisoner. *Sil.* He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will spoil the perfume on't.

Del. I saw a Dutch-man break his pate once
For calling him pot-gun; he made his head
Have a boar in't like a musket.

Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeed a guarded Sumpter cloth,
Only for the remove of the Court.

Pes. *Bosola* arriv'd? what should be the business?
Some falling out amongst the Cardinals.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided

They carry fire in their tails, and all the Country
About them goes to rack for't. *Sil.* What's that *Bosola*?

Del. I knew him in *Padua*, a fantastical scholar,
Like such, who study to know how many knots was in
Hercules club, of what colour *Achilles* beard was,
Or whether *Hector* were not troubled with the tooth-ach:
He had studied himself half blear-ey'd to know the
True semitry of *Cæsars* nose by a shooping-horn, and this
He did to gain the name of a speculative man.

Pes. Mark Prince *Ferdinand*,
A very *Salamander* lives in's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.

Sil. That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression,
Than

The Dutchess of Malfy:

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Than ever *Michael Angelo* made good ones :
He lifts up's nose, like a foul Porpiss before a storm.

Pes. The Lord *Ferdinand* laughs,

Del. Like a deadly Cannon,
That lightens ere it smoaks.

Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life that struggle with great States-men.

Del. In such a deformed silence, witches whisper their charms.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding-hood
To keep her from the Sun and tempest?

Ferd. That, that damns her: Methinks her fault, and
Beauty blend together, shew like a leprosie,
The whiter, the fouler: I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christned.

Card. I will instantly solícite the state of *Ancona*
To have them banish'd.

Ferd. You are for *Loretto*?

I shall not be at your Ceremony: fare you well:
Write to the Duke of *Malfy*, my young Nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With's mothers honesty. *Bes.* I will.

Ferd. Antonio?

A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And ne're in's life look'd like a Gentleman,
But in the Audit-time; go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge.

Exeunt.

SCENA IV.

Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.

1. *Pilg.* I have not seen a goodlier Shrine than this,
Yet I have visited many. 2. The Cardinal of *Arragon* is this day
To resign his Cardinals hat: his sister
Dutchess likewise is arriv'd to pay her
Vow of Pilgrimage, I expect a noble Ceremony.

1 *Pilg.* No question:—They come.

Here the Ceremony of the Cardinals enstalmment, in the habit of a
Souldier, perform'd in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at

The Dutcheſs of Maſſy.

the Shriever, and inveſting him with ſword, helmet, ſhield, and ſpurs :
Then Antonio, the Dutcheſs, and their children, (having preſented
themſelves at the Shrine) are (by a form of baniſhment in dumb-ſhew
expreſſed towards them by the Cardinal, and the State of Ancona) ba-
niſhed: During all which Ceremony, this Ditty is ſung (to very ſolemn
muſick) by divers Church-men, and then

Exeunt.

Arms, and Honours, deck thy ſtory,

To thy ſhames eternal glory,

Adverſe fortune ever ſie-thee,

No diſaſtrous fate come nigh thee.

I alone will ſing thy praiſes,

Whom to honour, vertue raiſes ;

And thy ſtudy, that divine-is,

Bent to Maſſal diſcipline-is :

Lay aſide all thoſe robes lie by thee,

Crown thy arts with arms : they'l beautifie thee.

O worthy, of worthieſt name, adorn'd in this manner,

Lead bravely thy forces on, under wars warlike banner ;

O, mayſt thou prove fortunate in all Maſſal courſes,

Guide thou ſtill, by ſkill, in arts, and forces :

Victory attend thee nigh whiſt fame ſings loud thy powers, (ſhowres.

Triumphant conqueſt crown thy head, and bleſſings pour down

1 Pilg. Here's a ſtrange turn of ſtate ! who would have thought

So great a Lady, would have match'd her ſelf

Unto ſo mean a perſon ? yet the Cardinal

Bears himſelf too cruel.

2 Pilg. They are baniſh'd.

1 Pilg. But I would aſk what power hath this State

Of Ancona, to determine of a free Prince ?

2 Pilg. They are a free State ſir, and her brother ſhew'd

How that the Pope fore-hearing of her looſneſs,

Hath ſeiz'd into the protection of the Church

The Dukedom, which ſhe held as Dowager.

1 Pilg. But by what juſtice ?

2 Pilg. Sure I think by none.

Only her brothers inſtigation,

Pilg. What was it with ſuch violence he took

Off from her finger ?

2 Pilg. 'Twas her wedding-ring.

Which he vow'd ſhortly he would ſacrifice

To his revenge.

1 Pilg. Alas, Antonio,

If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to th' bottom: Come let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help th' unhappy man to fall,

Exeunt.

SCENA V.

*Antonio, Dutchess, Children, Cariola, Servants,
Bosola, Soldiers with Vizards.*

Dutch. Banish'd Ancona? *Ant.* Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great mens breath. *Dutch.* Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder? *Ant.* These are poor men,
(Which have got little in your service) vow
To take your fortune: But your wiser buntings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gone,

Dutch. They have done wisely:
This puts me in mind of death, Physicians thus,
With their hands full of mony, use to give o're
Their Patients. *Ant.* Right the fashion of the world
From decay'd fortunes, every flatterer shrinks,
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinks.

Dutch. I had a very strange dream to night.

Ant. What is't?

Dutch. Me thought I wore my Coronet of State,
And on a sudden all the Diamonds
Were chang'd to Pearls. *Ant.* My Interpretation

Is, you'l weep shortly; for to me, the Pearls

Do signifie your tears. *Dutch.* The Birds that live i'th field

On the wild benefit of Nature, live

Happier than we; for they may chuse their Mates,

And carrol their sweet pleasures to the Spring.

Bos. You are happily ore-tane.

Dutch. From my brother?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand, your brother,
All love and safety. *Dutch.* Thou dost blanch mischief,

Wouldst make it white: See, see; like to the calm weather

At Sea, before a tempest: false hearts speak fair

To those they intend most mischief.

(tick equivocation)

A Letter. Send Antonio to me I want his head in a business: (a poli-

He doth not want your counsel, but your head ;
 That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.
 And here's another Pitfall that's strew'd o're
 With Roses : mark it, 'tis a cunning one.
*I stand ingaged for your husband, for several debts at Naples : let not
 that trouble him, I had rather have his heart than his money.*
 And I believe so too. *Bos.* What do you believe?

Dutch. That he so much distrusts my husbands love,
 He will by no means believe his heart is with him,
 Until he see it : The devil is not cunning enough
 To circumvent us in riddles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
 Of amity and love which I present you?

Dutch. Their league is like that of some politick Kings,
 Only to make themselves of strength and power
 To be our after-ruine : tell them so. *Bos.* And what from you?

Ant. Thus tell him : I will not come. *Bos.* And what of this?

Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
 Blood-hounds abroad ; which till I hear are muzzel'd,
 No truce, though hatch'd with ne're such politick skill,
 Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies will.
 I'll not come at them. *Bos.* This proclaims your breeding.
 Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
 As the Adamant draws iron : fare you well sir,
 You shall shortly hear from's.

Exit.

Dutch. I suspect some Ambush :
 Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
 To take your eldest son, and fly towards *Millaine* ;
 Let us not venture all this poor remainder, in one unlucky bottom.

Ant. You counsel safely :
 Best of my life, farwell : Since we must part,
 Heaven hath a hand in't : but no otherwise,
 Then as some curious Artift takes in sunder
 A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame, to bring't in better order.

Dutch. I know not which is best,
 To see you dead, or part with you : Farewel boy,
 Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding
 To know thy misery : For all our wit and
 Reading brings us to a truer sense of sorrow :
 In the eternal Church, Sir, I do hope we shall not part thus.

Ant.

Ant. Oh, be of comfort,
Make patience a noble fortitude :
And think not how unkindly we are us'd :
Man (like to *Cassia*) is prov'd best, being bruis'd

Dutch. Must I like to a slave-born Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny? and yet
(O Heaven) thy heavy hand is in't. I have seen
My little boy oft scourge his top, and compar'd
My self to't: nought made me ere go right,
But Heavens scourge-stick. *Ant.* Do not weep :

Heaven fashion'd us of nothing : and we strive
To bring our selves to nothing: farewell *Cariola*,
And thy sweet armfull : if I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the Tiger : fare you well.

Dutch. Let me look upon you once more : for that speech
Came from a dying father : your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy Anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.

Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I found my danger : fare you well.

Exit.

Dutch. My laurel is all withered.

Car. Look (Madam) what a troop of armed men
Make toward us *Enter Bosola with a guard.*

Dutch. O, they are very welcome :
When Fortunes wheel is over-charg'd with Princes,
The weight makes it move swift. I would have my ruin
Be sudden: I am your adventure, am I not ?

Bos. You are, you must see your husband no more,

Dutch. What devil art thou, that counterfeits heavens thunder?

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me
Whether is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearkned to the last too much.

Dutch. O misery! like to a rusty ore-charg'd Cannon,
Shall I never fly in pieces? come: to what prison?

Bos. To none. *Dutch.* Whither then?

Bos. To your Palace.

Dutch. I have heard that *Charons* boats serves to convey
All ore the dismal Lake, but brings none back again.

Bos.

The Dutchess of Malfy.

Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.

Dutch. Pity! with such a pity men preserve alive

Pheasants and Quails, when they are not fat enough to be eat.

Bos. These are your children? *Dutch.* Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle? *Dutch.* No:

But I intend, since they were born accurs'd,

Curses shall be their first language. *Bos.* Fye (Madam)

Forget this base low fellow. *Dutch.* Were I a man: I'd

Beat that counterfeit face into thy other. *Bos.* One of no birth.

Dutch. Say that he was born mean,

Man is most happy when's own actions

Be arguments and examples of his Vertue.

Bos. A barren, beggarly vertue.

Dutch. I prethee who is greatest? can you tell?

Sad tales besit my wo: I'll tell you one.

A Salmon, as she swam unto the Sea,

Met with a Dog-fish, who encounters her

With this rough language: Why art thou so bold

To mix thy self with our high state of floods,

Being no eminent Courtier, but one

That for the calmest, and fresh time o'th' year

Do'st live in shallow Rivers, rank'st thy self

With silly Smelts and Shrimps? and darest thou

Pass by our Dog-ship, without reverence?

O (Quoth the Salmon) sister, be at peace:

Thank *Jupiter*, we both have past the Net,

Our value never can be truly known,

Till in the Fishers basket we be shown.

I th' Market then my price may be the higher,

Even when I am nearest to the Cook and fire.

So, to Great men, the Morral may be stretch'd:

Men oft are valu'd high, when th' are most wretch'd.

But come: whither you please: I am arm'd 'gainst misery:

Bent to all sways of the Oppressors will.

There's no deep Valley, but near some great Hill.

Exit.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Ferdinand, Bosola, Dutchess, Cariola, Servants.

How doth our sister Dutchess bear her self

In

In her imprisonment?

Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her:

She's sad, as one us'd to't: and she seems

Rather to welcome the end of misery,

Then shun it: a behaviour so noble,

As gives a majesty to adversity:

You may discern the shape of loveliness

More perfect in her tears, than in her smiles;

She will muse four hours together: and her silence,

(Methinks) expresseth more, than if she spake.

Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified with a strange disdain.

Bos. 'Tis so: and this restraint

(Like English Mastiffs, that grow fierce with tying)

Makes her too passionately apprehend those pleasures she's kept

Ferd. Curse upon her:

I will no longer study in the book

Of another's heart; inform her what I told you.

Exit.

Bos. All comfort to your grace; *Dutch.* I will have none.

Pray-thee, why dost thou wrap thy poysoned pills

In Gold and Sugar?

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord *Ferdinand*,

Is come to visit you: and sends you word,

'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow

Never to see you more; he comes i'th' night:

And prays you (gently) neither torch nor taper

Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand:

And reconcile himself: but, for his vow,

He dares not see you. *Dutch.* At his pleasure:

Take hence the lights: he's come.

Ferd. Where are you?

Dutch. Here sir.

Ferd. This darkness suits you well.

Dutch. I would ask you pardon.

Ferd. You have it;

For I account it the honorabl't revenge,

Where I may kill, to pardon: where are your Cubs?

Dutch. Whom?

Ferd. Call them your children,

For though our national law, distinguish bastards

From true legitimate issue: compassionate nature

Makes them all equal.

Dutch. Do you visit me for this?

You violate a Sacrament o'th' Church.

Shall

Shall make you howl in hell for't, *Ferd.* It had been well,
 Could you have liv'd thus alwayes: for indeed
 You were too much i'th' light: But no more,
 I come to seal my peace with you: here's a hand, *gives her a*
 To which you have vow'd much love: the Ring upon't *dead mans*
 You gave. *Dutch.* I affectionately kiss it. *hand.*

Ferd. Pray do: and bury the print of it in your heart.
 I will leave this Ring with you, for a love-token:
 And the hand, as sure as the ring: and do not doubt
 But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
 Send it to him that ow'd it: you shall see
 Whether he can aid you. *Dutch.* You are very cold,
 I fear you are not well after your travel:

Hah? lights: Oh horrible! *Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*

Dutch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
 A dead-mans hand here? ——— *Here is discover'd, (being a Travers)*
the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if
they were dead.

Bos. Look you: here's the piece, from which 'twas ta'en;
 He doth present you this sad spectacle,
 That now you know directly they are dead,
 Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve
 For that which cannot be recovered.

Dutch. There is not between heaven and the earth, one with
 I stay for after this: it wastes me more
 Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
 Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
 In some foul dunghill: and yond's an excellent property
 For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What's that?

Dutch. If they would bind me to that liveless trunk,
 And let me freeze to death. *Bos.* Come you must live.

Dutch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
 In hell, that they must live, and cannot dye:

Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
 And revive the rare, and almost dead example
 Of a loving wife.

Bos. O fye, despair? remember
 You are a Christian. *Dutch.* The Church enjoys fasting:
 I'll starve my self to death.

Bof. Leave this vain ſorrow ;
Things being at the worſt, begin to mend :
The Bee when he hath ſhot his ſting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid.

Dutch. Good comfortable fellow
Perſwade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new ſet: entreat him live
To be executed again: who muſt diſpatch me?
I account this world a tedious Theater,
For I do play a part in't 'gainſt my will.

Bof. Come, be of comfort, I will ſave your life.

Dutch. Indeed I have not leiſure to tend ſo ſmall a buſineſs.

Bof. Now, by my life, I pity you.

Dutch. Thou art a fool then,
To waſt thy pity on a thing ſo wretch'd
As cannot pity it: I am full of daggers:
Puff: let me blow theſe vipers from me:
What are you? *Ser.* One that wiſhes you long life.

Dutch. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curſe
Thou haſt given me: I ſhall ſhortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity: I'll go pray: No,
I'll go curſe. *Bof.* Oh fye.

Dutch. I could curſe the Stars. *Bof.* Oh fearful.

Dutch. And thoſe three ſmiling ſeaſons of the year
Into a *Ruſſian* winter: nay the world
To its firſt Chaos. *Bof.* Look you, the Stars ſhine ſtill.

Dutch. Oh, but you muſt remember, my curſe hath a great way
Plagues (that make lanes through largeſt families) (to go ;
Conſume them. *Bof.* Fye Lady.

Dutch. Let them like tyrants
Never be remembred, but for the ill they have done:
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Church-men forget them. *Bof.* O uncharitable!

Dutch. Let heaven a little while ceaſe crowning Martyrs,
To puniſh them: Go, howl them this: and ſay I long to bleed;
It is ſome mercy when men kill with ſpeed. *Exit.*

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wiſh: ſhe's plag'd in Art.
Theſe preſentations are but fram'd in wax,
By the curious Maſter in that Quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and ſhe takes them

For true substantial bodies.

Bos. Why do you do this?

Ferd. To bring her to despair.

Bos. 'Faith, end here,

And go no farther in your cruelty,
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads, and prayer-books.

Ferd. Damn her; that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth,
Than that which thou wouldst comfort (call'd a soul)
I will send her masques of common Curtizans,
Have her meat serv'd up by bards and ruffians,
And ('cause she'l needs be mad) I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common Hospital
All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging:
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o'th' moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her:
Your work is almost ended. *Bos.* Must I see her again?

Ferd. Yes. *Bos.* Never. *Ferd.* You must.

Bos. Never in mine own shape,
That's forfeited by my intelligence,
And this last cruelty: when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort. *Ferd.* Very likely;
My pity is nothing of kin to thee: *Antonio*
Lurks about *Milliane*, thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
Which ne're will slack, till it have spent his fuel:
Intemperate Agues, make Physicians cruel.

Exeunt.

SCENA II.

*Dutchess, Cariola, Servants, Mad-men, Bosola,
Executioners, Ferdinand.*

Dutch. What hideous noise was that?

Car. 'Tis the wild Consort

Of Mad-men (Lady) which your Tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: This tyranny,
think was never practis'd till this hour.

Dutch.

Dutch. Indeed I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
an keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
and silence, make me stark mad: Sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal Tragedy.

Car. O 'twill increase your melancholly:

Dutch. Thou art deceiv'd
To hear of greater grief, would lessen mine:
This is a prison? *Car.* Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off. *Dutch.* Thou art a fool,
The Robin-red-breast and the Nightingal,
Never live long in cages. *Car.* Pray dry your eyes.
What think you of, Madam? *Dutch.* Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.

Car. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open.

Dutch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In th' other world? *Car.* Yes, out of question.

Dutch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead:
From them, I should learn somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here: I'll tell thee a miracle,
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o're my head, seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave is with his Oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easie: who do I look like now?

Car. Like to your picture in the Gallery,
A deal of life in shew, but none in practise:
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Dutch. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eye-sight,
To behold my Tragedy: How now!
What noise is that?

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport:
A great Physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholly, presented him
With several sorts of mad-men, which wild object

The Dutchess of Malfy.

(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke : the self-same cure
The Duke intends on you. *Dutch.* Let me come in.

Serv. There's a mad Lawyer, and a Secular Priest,
A Doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy : an Astrologian,
That in his works said, such a day o'th' month
Should be the day of doom ; and failing oft,
Ran mad : an English Taylor, craz'd i'th' brain,
With the study of new fashions : a Gentleman-Usher,
Quite beside himself, with care to keep in mind
The number of his Ladies salutations,
Or *how do you*, she employ'd him in each morning.
A Farmer too (an excellent knave in grain)
Mad, 'cause he was hindred transportation ;
And let one Broker (that's mad) loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.

Dutch. Sit *Cariola* ; let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

*Here (by a Mad-man) this song is sung, to a dismal
kind of Musick.*

O let us hold some heavy note,
some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding, as from the threatening throat
of beasts, and fatal fowl.
As Ravens, Skriech-owls, Bulls, and Bares,
we'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till jerk-some noise have cloy'd your ears,
and corasiv'd your hearts.
At last when as our quire wants breath,
our bodies being blest,
We'll sing like Swans to welcome death,
and die in love and rest.

1 *Mad-man.* Doomes-day not come yet? I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant : I cannot sleep, my pillow is stufft with a litter of Porcupines.

2 *Mad.* Hell is a meer glass-house, where the devils are continually

ally blowing up mens souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

3 *Mad.* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night: I will tythe them over like hay-cocks.

4 *Mad.* Shall my Potheccary out go me, because I am a Cockold? I have found out his roguery: he makes Allom of his wives urin, and sells it to Puritans that have foreThroats with over-straining.

1 *Mad.* I have skill in Harroldry. 2. Haft?

1. You do give for your crest a wood-cocks head, with the Brains pickt out on't; you are a very ancient Gentleman.

3. Greek is turn'd Turk, we are only to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation.

1. Come on sir, I will lay the law to you.

2. Oh, rather lay a corrasive, the law will eat to the bone.

3. He that drinks but to satisfie nature, is damn'd.

4. If I had my glas here, I would shew a sight should make all the women here, call me mad Doctor.

1. What's he, a rope-maker?

2. No, no, no, a snuffling knave, that while he shews the Tombs, will have his hands in a wenches placket.

3. Wo to the Caroach, that brought home my wife from the Masque at three a clock in the morning, it had a large Feather-bed in it.

4. I have pared the devils nails forty times, roasted them in Ravens eggs, and cur'd agues with them.

3. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

4. All the Colledg may throw their caps at me, I have made a Soap-boyler coftive, it was my master-piece; — *Here the Dance consisting of 8 Mad-men, with musick answerable thereunto; after which, Bosola (like an old man) enters.*

Dutch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him: I'll leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Dutch. Hah! my tomb?

Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my death-bed, Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Dutch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

Bos.

Bof. Yes.

Dutch. Who am I?

Bof. Thou art a box of worm-ſeed, at beſt, but a ſalvatory of green mummy: what's this fleſh? a little curded milk, Fantaſtical puff-paſte: our bodies are weaker than thoſe Paper-prifons boys uſe to keep flies in; more contemptible, ſince ours is to preſerve earth-worms: didſt thou never ſee a Lark in a cage? ſuch is the ſoul in the body: this world is like her little turf of graſs, and the heaven o're our heads, like her looking-glaſs, only gives us a miſerable knowledg of the ſmall compaſs of our priſon.

Dutch. Am not I thy Dutcheſs?

Bof. Thou art ſome great woman ſure, for riot begins to ſit on thy fore-head (clad in gray hairs) twenty-years ſooner than on a merry milk-maids. Thou ſleep'ſt worſe than if a mouſe ſhould be forc'd to take up his lodging in a cats ear: A little infant that breeds it's teeth, ſhould it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Dutch. I am Dutcheſs of *Malfy* ſtill.

Bof. That makes thy ſleep ſo broken:

Glories (like glow-worms) a far off, ſhine bright,
But look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Dutch. Thou art very plain.

Bof. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.

Dutch. And thou com'ſt to make my tomb?

Bof. Yes. *Dutch.* Let me be a little merry,
Of what ſtuff wilt thou make it?

Bof. Nay, reſolve me firſt, of what faſhion?

Dutch. Why, do we grow fantaſtical in our death-bed?
Do we affect faſhion in the grave?

Bof. Moſt ambitiouſly: Princes images on their tombs
Do not lie, as they were wont, ſeeming to pray
Up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks,
(As if they died of the tooth-ach;) they are not carved
With their eyes fix'd upon the Starrs; but as their
Minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The ſelf ſame way they ſeem to turn their faces.

Dutch. Let me: know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy diſmal preparation:
This talk, fit for a chamel?

Bof.

Bos. Now I ſhall:

Here is a preſent from your Princely brothers,
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Laſt benefit, laſt ſorrow.

*A Coffin,
Cords, and
a Bell.*

Dutch. Let me ſee it,
I have ſo much obedience, in my blood,
I wiſh it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your laſt Preſence-Chamber.

Car. O my ſweet Lady! *Dutch.* Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common Bell-man,
That uſually is ſent to condemn'd perſons
The night before they ſuffer. *Dutch.* Even now thou ſaid'ſt
Thou waſt a tomb-maker? *Bos.* 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Liſten.

*Hark, now every thing is ſtill.
The Skriech-Owl, and the whiſtler ſhrill,
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her ſhrowd:
Much you had of land and rent.
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war diſturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is ſign'd:
Of what is't fools make ſuch vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping:
Their life a general miſt of error,
Their death, a hideous ſtorm of error,
Strew your hair with powders ſweet:
Do'n clean linnen, bathe your feet
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A Crucifix let bleſs your neck,
'Tis now full tide, 'tween night and day,
End your groan, and come away.*

Car. Hence villians, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my Lady? call for help.

Dutch. to whom, to our next neighbours? they are mad-folks.

Bos. Remove that noiſe. *Dutch.* Farewell *Cariola.*
In my laſt Will, I have not much to give,
A many hungry gueſts have fed upon me;

Thine

The Dutchess of Malfy.

Thine will be a poor reversion. *Car.* I will die with her.

Dutch. I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now what you please :
What death? *Bos.* Strangling, here are your Executioners.

Dutch. I forgive them:
The apoplexie, cathar, or cough o'th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Dutch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world? *Bos.* Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrifie you? *Dutch.* Not a wiht;

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With Diamonds? or to be smothered

With Cassia? or to be shot to death with Pearls?

I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their *Exits*: and 'tis found

They go on such strange Geometrical hinges,

You may open them both wayes: any way (for heaven sake)

So I were out of your whispering: Tell my brothers,

That I perceive death (now I am well awake)

Best gift is they can give, or I can take:

I would fain put off my last womans fault,

I'd not be tedious to you.

Exec. We are ready.

Dutch. Dispose my breath how please you, but my body

Bestow upon my women, will you?

Exec. Yes.

Dutch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength,
Must pull down heaven upon me:

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd

As Princely Palaces, they that enter there,

Must go upon their knees: Come violent death,

Sve for *Mandragora*, to make me sleep;

Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,

They then may feed in quiet.

They
strangle her.

Bos. Where's the Waiting-woman?

Fetch her: Some other strangle the children:

Look you, there sleeps your Mistris.

Car. Oh thou art damn'd

Perpetually

Perpetually for this : My turn is next,
Is't not so ordered ? *Bos.* Yes, I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't. *Car.* You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,
I will come to my answer ; and know
How I have offended.

Bos. Come dispatch her :
You kept her Counsel, now you shall keep ours.

Car. I will not die, I must not, I am contracted
To a young Gentleman.

Exec. Here's your wedding-Ring.

Car. Let me but speak with the Duke ; I'll discover
Treason to his person. *Bos.* Delays : throttle her.

Exec. She bites and scratches. *Car.* If you kill me now,
I am damn'd : I have not been at confession
This two years. *Bos.* When ?

Car. I am quick with child. *Bos.* Why then,
Your credit's sav'd : bear her into the next room :
Let this lie still. *Ferd.* Is she dead ? *Bos.* She is what
You'd have her : But here begin your pity : *shows the*
Alas, how have these offended ? *children strangled.*

Ferd. The death

Of young Wolfs, is never to be pitied.

Bos. Fix your eye here. *Ferd.* Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep ?

Other sins only speak ; Murther shrieks out :
The element of water moistens the Earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the Heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face : mine eyes dazel : she di'd young.

Bos. I think not so : her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were Twins :
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first :
You have bloudily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers. *Ferd.* Let me see her face again ;
Why didst not thou pity her ? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have been

Bos. You, not I shall quake for't. *Ferd.* Leave me.
 If thou hadst born her to some sanctuary;
 Or (bold in a good cause) oppos'd thy self
 With thy advanced sword above thy head,
 Between her innocency, and my revenge.
 I bad thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
 Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't.
 For let me but examine well the cause;
 What was the meanness of her Match to me?
 Only I must confess I had a hope
 (Had she continu'd widow) to have gain'd
 An infinite mass of Treasure by her death:
 And what was the main cause? her Marriage,
 That drew a stream of gall quite through my
 Heart; for thee, (as we observe in Tragedies
 That a good Actor many times is curs'd
 For playing a villains part) I hate thee for't: and
 (For my sake) say thou hast done much ill, well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory: for I
 Perceive you are falling into gratitude: I
 Challenge the reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee, what I'll give thee.

Bos. Do.

Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon for this murder.

Bos. Hah? *Ferd.* Yes: and 'tis

The largest bounty I can study to do thee.

By what Authority didst thou execute

This bloody service? *Bos.* By yours,

Ferd. Mine? was I her Judge?

Did any ceremonial form of law,

Doom her to not Being? did a compleat Jury

Deliver her conviction up i'th Court?

Where shalt thou find this Judgment registred,

Unless in hell? See: like a bloody fool

Th' hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for't.

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite,
 When on these hangs another: who shall dare
 To reveal this?

Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee:
 The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,
 Not to devour the corps, but to discover
 The horrid murder.

Bos. I will first receive my Pension.

Ferd. You are a villain. *Bos.* When your ingratitude
Is Judge, I am so. *Ferd.* O horror!
That not the fear of him, which binds the devils,
Can prescribe man obedience.

Never look upon me more. *Bos.* Why, fare thee well:
Your brother, and your self, are worthy men;
You have a pair of hearts are hollow Graves,
Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance,
(Like two chain'd-bullets) still goes arm in arm,
You may be Brothers: for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a bloud: I stand like one
That long hath ta'ne a sweet and golden dream.
I am angry with my self, now that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'th' world,
That I may never see thee. *Bos.* Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected? sir,
I serv'd your tyranny: and rather strove,
To satisfy your self, then all the world;
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it: and rather fought
To appear a true servant, than an honest man.

Ferd. I'll go hunt the Badger by Owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness.

Exit.

Bos. He's much distracted: Off my painted honour,
While with vain hopes, our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice, and freeze in fire;
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of *Europe*: She stirs; here's life:
Return (fair soul) from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell: She's warm, she breathes:
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour: who's there?
Some cordial drink: Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity: her Eye opens,
And heaven in it seems to open, (that late was shut)
To take me up to mercy. *Dutch. Antonio.*

Bos. Yes (Madam) he is living,

The dead bodies you saw, were but feign'd statues;
 He's reconcil'd to your brothers: the Pope hath wrought
 The attonement. *Dutch.* Mercy. *she dies.*

Bos. Oh, she's gone again: there the cords of life broke:
 Oh sacred Innocence, that sweetly sleeps
 On Turtles feathers: whilst a guilty conscience
 Is a black Register, wherein is writ
 All our good deeds, and bad: a Perspective
 That shews us hell; that we cannot be suffer'd
 To do good when we have a mind to it?
 This is manly sorrow:
 These tears, I am very certain, never grew
 In my mothers milk. My estate is sunk
 Below the degree of fear: where were
 These penitent fountains, while she was living?
 Oh, they were frozen up: here is a sight
 As direful to my soul, as is the sword
 Unto a wretch hath slain his father: Come I'll bear thee hence,
 And execute thy will; that's deliver
 Thy body to the reverend dispose
 Of some good women: that the cruel tyrant
 Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to *Millaine*.
 Where somewhat I will speedily enact
 Worth my dejection.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Antonio, Delio, Pescara, Julia.

Ant. What think you of my hope of reconciliation
 To the *Arragonian* brethren? *Del.* I misdoubt it;
 For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct
 For your repair to *Millaine*, they appear
 But Nets to entrap you: The Marquess of *Pescara*,
 Under whom you hold certain land in *Chet*,
 Much 'gainst his noble nature, hath been mov'd
 To seize those lands, and some of his dependants
 Are at this instant making it their suit
 To be invested in your revenues.
 I cannot think, they mean well to your life,

That

That do deprive you of your means of life,
Your living. *Ant.* You are still an heretique.
To any safety, I can shape my self.

Del. Here comes the Marquess: I will make my self
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying. *Ant.* I pray do.

Del. Sir, I have a suit to you. *Pes.* To me.

Del. An easie one:

There is the Citadel of St. Bennet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of *Antonio Bologna*, please you bestow them on me?

Pes. You are my friend: But this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take. *Del.* No sir?

Pes. I will give you ample reason for't,
Soon in private: Her's the Cardinals Mistris.

Jul. My Lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A Great mans letter here (the Cardinals)
To Court you in my favour.

Pes. He entreats for you
The Citadel of St. Bennet, that belong'd
To the banish'd *Bologna*. *Jul.* Yes.

Pes. I could not have thought of a friend I could
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours. *Jul.* Sir, I thank you:
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving,
Which makes your grant the greater. *Exit.*

Ant. How they fortifie
Themselves with my ruine? *Del.* Sir, I am
Little bound to you. *Pes.* Why?

Del. Because you denied this suit to me, and gav't
To such a creature. *Pes.* Do you know what it was?
It was *Antonio's* land: not forfeited
By course of law; but ravish'd from his throat
By the Cardinals entreaty: it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend: 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet: for it is injustice;
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of Innocents
To make those followers I call my friends

Look ruddier upon me? I am glad
 This land, (ta'ne from the owner by such wrong)
 Returns again unto so foul an use,
 As Salary for his lust. Learn (good *Delio*)
 To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
 I'll be a nobler giver. *Del.* You instruct me well:

Ant. Why, here's a man now, would fright
 Impudence from sawciest Beggars.

Pes. Prince *Ferdinand's* come to *Millaine*
 Sick (as they give out) of an Apoplexy:
 But some say, 'tis a frenzy; I am going to visit him. *Ex.*

Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow:

Del. What course do you mean to take, *Antonio*?

Ant. This night, I mean to venture all my fortune
 (Which is no more than a poor lingering life)
 To the Cardinals worst of malice: I have got
 Private access to his chamber: and I intend
 To visit him about the mid of night.
 (As once his brother did our noble Dutchess.)
 It may be that the sudden apprehension
 Of danger (for I'll go in mine own shape)
 When he shall see it fraught with love and duty,
 May draw the poyson out of him, and work
 A friendly reconciliation; if it fail,
 Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling.
 For better fall once, than be ever falling.

Del. I'll second you in all danger: and (how ere
 My life keeps rank with yours.

Ant. You are still my lov'd and best friend.

Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Pescara, a Doctor, Ferdinand, Cardinal, Malateste, Bosola, Julia,

Pes. Now Doctor, may I visit your Patient?

Doctor. I'll please your Lordship: but he's instantly
 To take the air here in the Gallery by my direction.

Pes. Pray-thee, what's his disease?

Doc. A very pestilent disease (my Lord)

They call *Lycanthropia*.

Pes. What's that?

I need a Dictionary to't.

Doc. I'll tell you:

In these that are possess'd with't, there o're-flows
Such melancholly humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into Wolves,
Steal forth to Church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up : as two nights since
One met the Duke 'bout mid-night in a lane
Behind *St. Marks* Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearfully:
Said he was a Woolf: only the difference
Was, a Wolves skin is hairy on the out-side,
His on the in-side: bad them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent for,
And having minister'd unto him, found his Grace
Very well recovered. *Pes.* I am glad on't.

Deff. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse, (if he grow to his fit again,)
Than ever *Paracelsus* dream'd of: If
They'l give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.
Stand aside, he comes. *Ferd.* leave me.

Mal. Why doth your Lordship use this solitariness?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: They are Crows, Dawes, and
Starlings that flock together: Look what's that
Follows me? *Mal.* Nothing (my Lord)

Ferd. Yes. *Mal.* 'Tis your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the Sun shine.

Ferd. I will throttle it.

Mal. Oh, my Lord: you angry are with nothing.

Ferd. You are a fool:

How is't possible I should catch my shadow,
Unless I fall upon't? When I go to hell,
I mean to carry a bribe: for look you,
Good gifts evermore make way for the worst persons.

Pes. Rise good my Lord.

Ferd. I am studying the Art of patience.

Pes. 'Tis a Noble Vertue.

Ferd. To drive six Snails before me from this town
To *Mosco*; neither use Goad, nor whip to them,
But let them take their own time: (the patient'st man i'th 'world
Match me for an experiment) and Ple crawl after

Like a sheep-biter. *Card.* Force him up.

Ferd. Use me well, you were best:

What I have done, I have done: I'll confess nothing.

Doct. Now let me come to him: Are you mad
(My Lord?) are you out of your Princely wits?

Ferd. What's he? *Pes.* Your Doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard saw'd off, And his Eye-
Browes fill'd more civil.

Doct. I must do mad tricks with him,
For that's the only way on't. I have brought
Your grace a Salamanders skin, to keep you
From sun-burning. *Ferd.* I have cruel sore-eyes.

Doct. The white of a Cockatrices egg is present remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best:
Hide me from him: Physitians are like Kings,
They brook no contradiction.

Doct. Now he begins to fear me,
Now let me alone with him.

Card. How now? put off your gown.

Doct. Let me have some forty Urinals fill'd with Rose-water.
He, and I'll go pelt one another with them
Now he begins to fear me: Can you fetch a frisk sir?
Let him go, let him go upon my peril:
I find by his eye; he stands in awe of me,
I'll make him as tame as a Dormouse.

Ferd. Can you fetch you frisks, sir? I will stamp him into a
Flea off his skin, to cover one of the Anatomies, (Cullice:
This rogue hath set i'th' cold yonder, in Barbar-Chyrurgeons-hall:
Hence, hence, you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice.
There's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly,
Flattery and leachery.

Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

Doct. True, I was somewhat too forward.

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgement
Hath falln upon this *Ferdinand*?

Pes. Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the Prince
This strange distraction?

Card. I must feign somewhat: Thus they say it grew,
You have heard it rumour'd for these many years,

None of our family dies, but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition, to us, to have been murther'd
By her Nephews, for her riches : Such a figure
One night (as the Prince fate up late at's book)
Appear'd to him, when crying out for help,
The gentleman of's Chamber, found his grace
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face
And language : Since which apparition,
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pes. We'l leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick Prince, our Noble Lord,
All health of mind and body.

Card. You are most welcome :
Are you come? so, this fellow must not know
By any means I had intelligence
In our Dutchess death : For (though I counsel'd it)
The full of all th' agreement seem'd to grow
From *Ferdinand* : Now sir, how fares our sister?
I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an oft di'd garment : She shall now
Taste comfort from me : why do you look so wildly?
Oh, the fortune of your Master here, the Prince
Dejects you ; but be you of happy comfort :
If you'l do one thing for me, I'll intreat,
Though he had a cold tomb-stone o're his bones,
I'd make you what you should be.

Bos. Any thing,
Give me it in a breath, and let me fly to't :
They that think long, small expedition win,
For musing much o'th' end, cannot begin.

Jul. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card. I am busie, leave me.

Jul. What an excellent shape hath that fellow?

Exit.

Card. 'Tis thus : *Antonio* lurks here in *Millaine*,
Enquire him out, and kill him : while he lives,
Our sister cannot marry. and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her : do this, and stile me

Thy advancement.

Bos. By what means shall I find him out?

Card. There's a gentleman call'd *Delio*
Here in the Camp, that hath been long approv'd
His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow.

Follow him to Mals, may be *Antonio*,
Although he do account religion
But a School-name, for fashion of the world,
May accompany him; or else go enquire out
Delio's Confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveal it: there are a thousand wayes
A man might find to trace him: As to know,
What fellows haunt the Jews, for taking up
Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;
Or else to go to th' Picture-makers, and learn
Who brought her Picture lately, some of these
Happily may take. *Bos.* Well, I'll not freeze i'th' business,
I would see that wretched thing, *Antonio*,
Above all sights i'th' world.

Card. Do, and be happy.

Exit.

Bos. This fellow doth breed Basilisks in's eyes,
He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems
Not to have notice of the Dutchess death:
'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example.
There cannot be a surer way to trace,
Than that of an old Fox.

Jul. So, sir, you are well met. *Bos.* How now?

Jul. Nay, the doors are fast enough:
Now Sir, I will make you confess your treachery.

Bos. Treachery? *Jul.* Yes, confess to me
Which of my women 'twas you hir'd, to put
Love-powder into my drink?

Bos. Love-powder?

Jul. Yes, when I was at *Malfy*,
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffer'd for the so much pain:
The only remedy to do me good,
Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure your Pistol holds
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing-comfits: excellent Lady,

You

You have a pretty way on't to discover
Your longing: Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And arm you thus, yet this is wondrous strange.

Jul. Compare thy form, and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no such great miracle: Now you'll say
I am wanton: This nice modesty, in Ladies,
Is but a troublesome familiar
That haunts them.

Bos. Know you me? I am a blunt souldier.

Jul. The better;
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparks
Of roughness.

Bos. And I want complement.

Jul. Why ignorance in Courtship cannot make you do amiss,
If you have a heart to do well.

Bos. You are very fair.

Jul. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead guilty. *Bos.* Your bright eyes
Carry a Quiver of darts in them, sharper
Than Sun-beams.

Jul. You will mar me with commendation,
Put your self to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.

Bos. I have it, I will work upon this Creature:
Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great Cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villain?

Jul. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you:
For if I see, and steal a Diamond,
The fault is not i'th' stone, but in me the thief
That purloins it: I am sudden with you,
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertain wishes, and unquiet longings,
And in an instant joyn the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together: had you been i'th' street,
I should have courted you.

Bos. Oh, you are an excellent Lady.

Jul. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To express I love you.

Bos. I will, and if you love me,
Fail not to effect it: The Cardinal is grown wondrous melancholly;
Demand the cauſe, let him not put you off,
With feign'd excuſe, diſcover the main ground on't,

Jul. Why would you know this?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is faln in ſome diſgrace
With the Emperor; if he be, like the mice
That forſake falling houſes, I would ſhift
To other dependance.

Jul. You ſhall need follow the wars,
I'll be your maintenance.

Bos. And I your loyal ſervant,
But I cannot leave your calling. *Jul.* Not leave an
Ungrateful General, for the love of a ſweet Lady?
You are like ſome, cannot ſleep in feather-beds,
But muſt have blocks for their pillows.

Bos. Will you do this?

Jul. Cunningly.

Bos. To morrow I'll expect th' intelligence.

Jul. To morrow? get you into my Cabinet,
You ſhall have it with you: do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my pardon promis'd.
But I would ſee it ſeal'd: Go, get you in,
You ſhall ſee me wind my tongue about his heart,
Like a ſkin of ſilk.

Car. Where are you? *Serv.* Here.

Car. Let none upon your lives
Have conference with the Prince *Ferdinand*,
Unleſs I know it: In this diſtraction
He may reveal the murder:
Yond's my lingering conſumption:
I am weary of her; and by any means
Would be quit off her.

Jul. How now, my Lord?

What ailes you? *Car.* Nothing.

Jul. Oh, you are much altered:
Come, I muſt be your ſecretary, and remove
This lead from off your boſome, what's the matter?

Car. I may not tell you.

Jul. Are you so far in love with sorrow,
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace, when you are sad,
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

Card. Satisfie thy longing,
The only way to make thee keep my counsel,
Is not to tell thee. *Jul.* Tell your Eccho this,
Or flatterers, that (like ecchoes) still report
What they hear (though most imperfect) and not me:
For, if that you be true unto your self,
I'll know. *Car.* Will you rack me?

Jul. No, judgment shall
Draw it from you: It is an equal fault,
To tell ones secrets unto all, or none.

Card. The first argues folly.

Jul. But the last tyranny.

Car. Very well, why imagine I have committed
Some secret deed, which I desire the world
May never hear of?

Jul. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin
As Adultery: Sir, I beseech you.
For perfect trial of my constancy
Till now, sir, I beseech you

Car. You'll repent it. *Jul.* Never.

Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee,
Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a Prince's secrets; they that do,
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with Adament
To contain them: I pray thee yet be satisf'd,
Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easie
To tie knots, than unloose them: 'tis a secret
That (like a lingring poyson) may chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence.

Jul. Now you dally with me.

Card. No more, thou shalt know it.

The Dutchess of Malfy.

By my appointment, the great Dutchess of *Malfy*,
And two of her young children, four nights since
Were strangled.

Jul. Oh heaven! sir, what have you done?

Card. How now? how settles this? think you your
Bo'some will be a grave, dark and obscure enough
For such a secret?

Jul. You have undone your self, sir.

Car. Why? *Jul.* It lies not in me to conceal it.

Car. No? come, I will swear you to't upon this book.

Jul. Most religiously.

Card. Kiss it.

Now you shall never utter it, thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poyson'd with that book,
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
I have bound thee to't by death.

Bos. For pity sake, hold. *Card.* Ha, *Bosola*?

Jul. I forgive you,

This equal piece of Justice you have done:
For I betray'd your counsel to that fellow;
He over-heard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.

Bos. Oh, foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poyson'd him?

Jul. 'Tis weakness,
Too much to think what should have been done;
I go, I know not whither.

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man (like your self)
Not out of his wits (as the Lord *Ferdinand*)
To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bos. Make not your self such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.

Card. Who plac'd thee here?

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Car. Very well, now you know me for you fellow-murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,

And

And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th' graves
Of those were Actors in't? *Card.* No more,
There is a fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue a fortune any longer?
'Tis the fool's Pilgrimage.

Card. I have honours in store for thee.

Bos. There are many ways that conduct to seeming
Honour, and some of them very dirty ones.

Card. Throw to the devil

Thy melancholly, the fire burns well,
What need we keep a stirring oft, and make
A great smother? thou wilt kill *Antonio*?

Bos. Yes. *Card.* Take up that body.

Bos. I think I shall

Shortly grow the common Bier for Church-yards?

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,
To aid thee in the murder.

Bos. Oh, by no means,
Physitians that apply horse-leeches to any rank swelling,
Use to cut off their tails, that the blood may run through them
The faster: Let me have no train, when I go to shed blood,
Lest it make me have a greater, when I ride to the Gallows.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove that body
To her own lodging: I'll give out she died o'th' Plague;
'Twill breed the less enquiry after her death.

Bos. Where's *Castruchio*, her husband?

Card. He's rode to *Naples* to take possession
Of *Antonio's* Cittadel.

Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.

Card. Fail not to come: There is the Master-key
Of our Lodgings: and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you.

Exit.

Bos. You shall find me ready.
Oh, poor *Antonio*, though nothing be so needful
To thy estate, as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous: I must look to my footing;
In such slippery ice-pavements, men had need
To be frost-nailed well: they may break their necks else.
The President's here afore me: how this man
Bears up in Blood? seems fearless? why, 'tis well:

Security

Security some men call the Suburbs of Hell,
 Only a dead wall between. Well (good *Antonio*)
 I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
 To put thee into safety from the reach
 Of these most cruel biters, that have got
 Some of thy blood already. It may be,
 I'll joyn with thee, in a most just revenge.
 The weakest arm is strong enough, that strikes
 With the sword of Justice: Still methinks the Dutchess
 Haunts me: there, there: 'tis nothing but my melancholly.
 O Penitence! let me truly tast thy Cup,
 That throws men down, only to raise them up.

Exit.

S C E N A I I I.

Antonio, Delio, Eccho, (from the Dutchess grave.)

Del. Yond's the Cardinal's window: This fortification
 Grew from the ruines of an ancient Abbey:
 And to yond side o'th' river, lies a wall
 (Piece of a Cloyster) which in my opinion
 Gives the best Eccho that you ever heard?
 So hollow, and so dismal, and withal
 So plain in the distinction of our words,
 That many have suppos'd it is a Spirit
 That answers.

Ant. I do love these ancient ruines:
 We never tread upon them, but we set
 Our foot upon some reverend History;
 And questionless, here in this open Court
 (Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather) some lye interr'd
 Lov'd the Church so well, and gave so largely to't,
 They thought it should have canopi'd their bones
 Till Dooms-day: but all things have their end:
 Churches and Cities (which have diseases like to men)
 Must have like death that we have.

*Eccho: Like death that we have.**Del.* Now the *Eccho* hath caught you.*Ant.* It groan'd (me thought and) gave

A very

The Dutchess of Malfy.

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A very deadly accent.

Ecc. Deadly accent.

Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one: You may make it

A Hunts-man, or a Faulconer, a Musitian,

Or a thing of sorrow.

Ecc. A thing of Sorrow.

Ant. I sure, that suits it best.

Ecc. That suits it best.

Ant. 'Tis very like my wives voice.

Ecc. I, wives voice.

Del. Come, let's us walk farther from't:

I would not have you to th' *Cardinals* to night:

Do not.

Ecc. Do not.

Del. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow,
Than time: take time for't: be mindful of thy safety.

Ecc. Be mindful of thy safety.

Ant. Necessity compels me;

Make scrutiny throughout the passes

Of your own life, you'll find it impossible

To flye your fate. *O fly your fate.*

Del. Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
And give you good counsell.

Ant. Eccho, I will not talk with thee;

For thou art a dead Thing.

Ecc. Thou art a dead Thing.

Ant. My Dutchess is asleep now,
And her little-ones, I hope sweetly: Oh heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Eccho. Never see her more.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the *Eccho*,
But that: and on the sudden, a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Del. Your fancy meerly.

Ant. Come: I'll be out of this Ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live:
It is mockery and abuse of life,
I will not henceforth save my self by halves,
Lose all, or nothing.

Del. Your own vertue save you:

I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you :
 It may be that the sight of his own blood
 Spread into so sweet a figure, may beget
 The more compassion.
 However, fare you well :
 Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,
 Yet in our noble sufferings She hath none ;
 Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.

Exit

S C E N A I V.

*Cardinal, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Grisolan,
 Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio, Servant.*

Card. You shall not watch to night by the sick Prince,
 His Grace is very well recover'd,

Mal. Good my Lord suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no means :

The noise, and change of object in his eye,
 Doth more distract him : I pray, all to bed,
 And though you hear him in his violent fit,
 Do not rise, I intreat you.

Pes. So fir, we shall not.

Card. Nay I must have you promise
 Upon your honours, for I was enjoyn'd to't
 By himself ; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.

Pes. Let our honours bind this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers *Mal.* Neither.

Card. It may be to make tryal of your promise,
 When he's asleep, my self will rise, and feign
 Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
 And feign my self in danger.

Mal. If your throat were cutting,
 I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.

Card. Why, I thank you.

Gris. 'Twas a foul storm to night.

Rod. The Lord *Ferdinand's* chamber shook like an Ozier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the devil,
 To rock his own child.

Card. The reason why I would not suffer these

Exeunt.

About

About my brother, is, because at midnight

I may with better privacy convey

Julia's body to her own lodging: O, my Conscience!

I would pray now: but the devil takes away my heart

For having any confidence in prayer.

About this hour, I appointed *Bosola*

To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turn,

He dies.

Exit.

Bos. Hah? 'twas the Cardinals voice: I heard him name

Bosola, and my death: listen, I hear one's footing.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. Nay then I see I must stand upon my Guard.

Ferd. What say you to that? whisper softly: do you agree to't?

So it must be done i'th' dark: the Cardinal

Would not for a thousand pounds the Doctor should see it. *Exit.*

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder.

We value not desert, nor Christian breath,

When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:

I'll fetch you a dark Lanthorn.

Exit.

Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,

There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right my sword:

I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone: Thou hast ended a long suit.

In a minute.

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,

That only have thy benefit in death,

To appear my self.

Serv. Where are you, sir?

Ant. very near my home: *Bosola*?

Serv. Oh misfortune!

Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else: *Antonio*?

The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life!

We are meerly the Stars Tennis-balls (struck and banded

Which way please them) oh good *Antonio*,

I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear,

Shall make thy heart break quickly: Thy fair Dutchess

And two sweet Children—

Ant. Their very names

Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murthered !

Ant. Some men have wisht to die
At the hearing of sad tidings: I am glad
That I shall do't in sadness: I would not now
With my wounds balm'd, nor heal'd: for I have no use
To put my life to: In all our quest of Greatness,
(Like wanton boyes, whose pastime is their care)
We follow after bubbles blown i'th' air.
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good hours
Of an Ague: meerly a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation: I do not ask
The process of my death: only commend me
To *Delio*.

Bos. Break heart:

Ant. And let my Son fly the Courts of Princes.

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd *Antonio*.

Ser. I brought him hither,

To have reconcil'd him with the Cardinal.

Bos. I do not ask thee that:

Take him up, if thou tender thy own life,
And bear him where the Lady *Julia*
Was wont to lodg: Oh, my fate moves swift.
I have this Cardinal, in the forge already,
Now I'll bring him to th' hammer: (O direful misprision!)
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base: I'll be mine own example.
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st.

Exeunt.

S C E N A V.

*Cardinal (with a book) Bosola, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo,
Ferdinand, Delio, Servants with Antonio's Body.*

Card. I am puzzel'd in a question about hell:
He saies, in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience?
When I look into the Fish-ponds, in my Garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a Rake,

That

That seems to strike at me: Now? art thou come? thou look'st
There sits in thy face some great determination, (ghastly;
Mix'd with some fear.

Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Hah? help: our Guard?

Bos. Thou art deceiv'd:
They are out of thy howling.

Card. Hold: I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers, and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the Watch: we are betray'd.

Bos. I have confin'd your flight:
I'll suffer your retreat to *Julia's* Chamber,
But no further.

Card. Help: we are betray'd. *Mal.* Listen!

Card. My Dukedome for rescue.

Rod. Fye upon this counterfeiting.

Mal. Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.

Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he:

But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll go down to him.

Card. Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted: I am lost
Unless some rescue.

Grif. He doth this pretty well:
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.

Card. The sword's at my throat:

Rod. You would not baul so loud then. (hand.

Mal. Come, come, let's go to bed: he told us thus much afore-

Pesc. He wish'd you should not come at him: but believ't,
The accent of the voice, sounds not in jest.

I'll down to him, however, and with engines

Force ope the doors. *Rod.* Let's follow him aloof,

And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him. (door

Bos. There's for you first: 'cause you shall not unbarracade the
To let in rescue. *He kills the Servant.*

Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?

Bos. Look there. *Card.* Antonio?

Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly:
Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'dst thy sister,

Thou

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her nought but the sword.

Card. O mercy!

Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward:
For thou fall'st faster of thy self, than calamity
Can drive thee: I'll not waste longer time: There.

Card. Thou hast hurt me. *Bos.* Again.

Card. Shall I die like a Levoret,
Without any resistance? help, help, help:
I am slain.

Ferd. Th' allarum? give me a fresh horse:
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost:
Yield, yield: I give you the honours of Arms,
Shake my Sword over you, will you yield?

Card. Help me, I am your brother. *Ferd.* The devil?
My brothers fight upon the adverse party. *He wounds the Cardinal,*
There flies your ransom. *and (in the scuffle) gives*

Card. Oh Justice! *Bosola his death's wound.*
I suffer now, for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you're brave fellows:
Cæsars Fortune was harder than *Pompeys*:
Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity,
Pompey at the feet of disgrace: you both died in the field, the
pain's nothing: pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, (as the tooth-ach with the sight of a Barber that comes to pull it out) there's Philosophy for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect: sink (thou main cause
Of my undoing); the last part of my life
Hath done me best service. *He kills Ferdinand.*

Ferd. Give me some wet hay, I am broken-winded,
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:
I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures.
Bos. He seems to come to himself, now he's so near the bottom.

Ferd. My sister! oh! my sister! there's the cause on't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like Diamonds, we are cut with our own dust,

Card. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth,
Tis ready to part from me: I do glory

That thou, which stood't like a huge Pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Pesc. How now (my Lord?)

Mal. Oh sad disaster. *Rod.* How comes this?

Bos. Revenge for the Dutchess of Malfy, murdered
By th' Arragonian brethren: for *Antonio*,
Slain by his hand: for lustful *Julia*,
Poyson'd by this man: and lastly, for my self,
(That was an Actor in the main of all,
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i'th' end
Neglected.)

Pesc. How now (my Lord?)

Card. Look to my brother:

He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i'th' rushes: And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by, and never thought of.

Pesc. How fatally (it seems) he did withstand
His own rescue?

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came *Antonio* by his death?

Bos. In a mist: I know not how:
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play: Oh, I am gone;
We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd, yields no eccho: Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm to me to die
In so good a quarrel: Oh this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth (womanish and fearful) mankind live!
Let worthy minds ne're stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just,
Mine is another voyage.

Pesc. The Noble *Delio*, as I came to th' Palace,
Told me of *Antonio*'s being here, and shew'd me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Mal. Oh Sir, you come too late.

Del. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for't ere I came: Let us make noble use
Of this great ruine; and joyn all our force

The Dutcheſs of Malſy.

To eſtabliſh this young hopeful Gentleman
In's mothers right. Theſe wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than ſhould one
Fall in a Froſt, and leave his print in ſnow,
As ſoon as the ſun ſhines, it ever melts
Both form and matter: I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing ſo great, for great men,
As when ſhe's pleas'd to make them Lords of truth.

*Integrity of life, is fames beſt friend,
Which nobly (beyond death) ſhall crown the end.*

FINIS.

